

# FEATURE FUNNIES

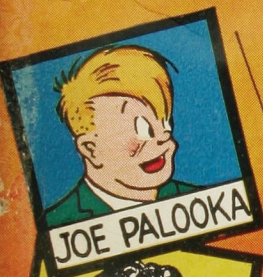


JANUARY

NO. 16

10¢

GOSH,  
UNCLE  
PHIL--WHAT  
D'WE DO  
NOW?



IN THIS ISSUE  
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS  
BY JOHN HIX  
"OFF THE RECORD"  
BY ED REED

NO SKIING  
ALLOWED  
HERE





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# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

WHENEVER YOU CAN, CLOSE IN AND SHOOT LEFTS AND RIGHTS TO THE BODY. IF YOUR MAN CLINCHES IT'S A CHANCE TO UPPERCUT.



THE UPPER-CUT CAN ONLY BE USED IN CLOSE-- IT COMES FROM THE SIDE WITH ALL THE ARM AND SHOULDER POWER.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



STEP ON IT! STEP ON IT MAN!

I CAN'T GO ANY FASTER!



WHAT'S HE DOING?

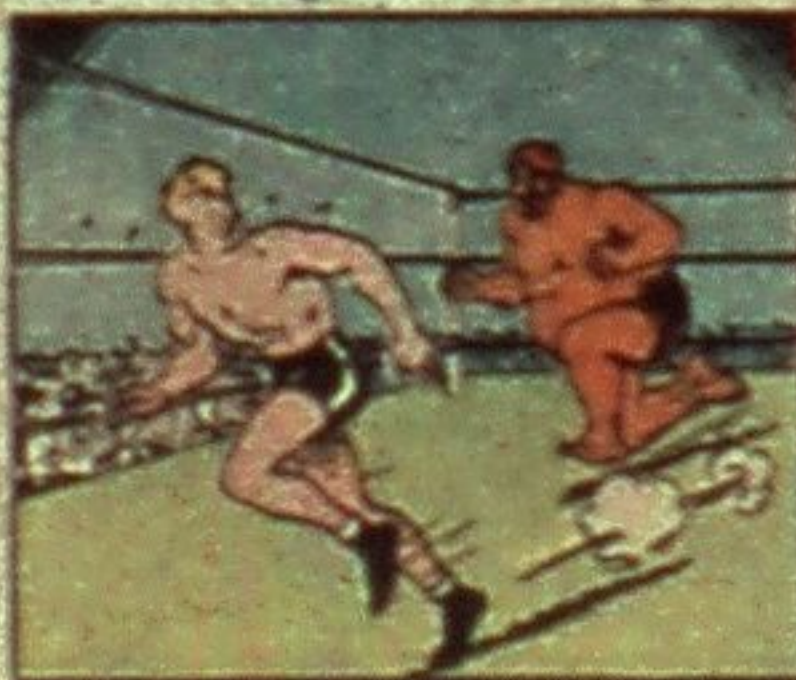
TRYING TO BREAK PALOOKA'S FINGERS-- IT'S A HINDU TRICK!

PALOOKA HAS NO RIGHT IN THERE!



LEGGO! SAY--- YOUSE ARE FOULIN'!

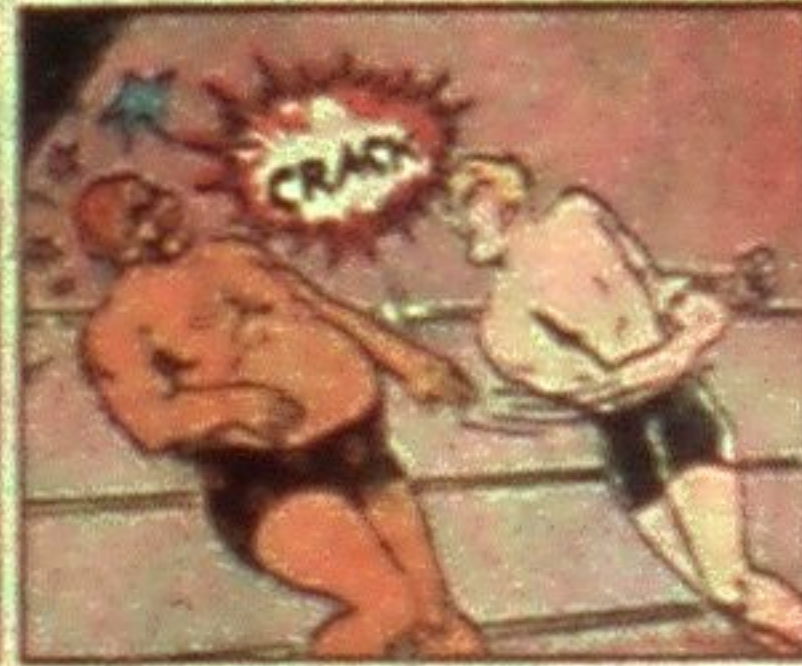
Y W + P + L + M + S + !!?



TOLE YOUSE TO QUIT THAT FOULIN'!!! LEGGO!



UGH-H-H-H!



CRACK



HE'S OUT--- BUT YOU LOSE! IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO HIT WITH THE FISTS!

OH THATS AWRIGHT-- I WASNT TOT NOthin F I WON ANY HOW!



TAKE IT EASY SAPI IT'S ALL OVER!

BEST THRILL EVER HAD!



LEGGO! SAY--- YOUSE ARE FOULIN'!

TOH-TOH---OH KNOBBY YOUSE ARE ALWEEZ WINKIN ABOUT MONEY!!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

HERE WE STOP A LEFT BY PUSHING OUR MANS ARM UP-- AND PARRYING WITH A LEFT--

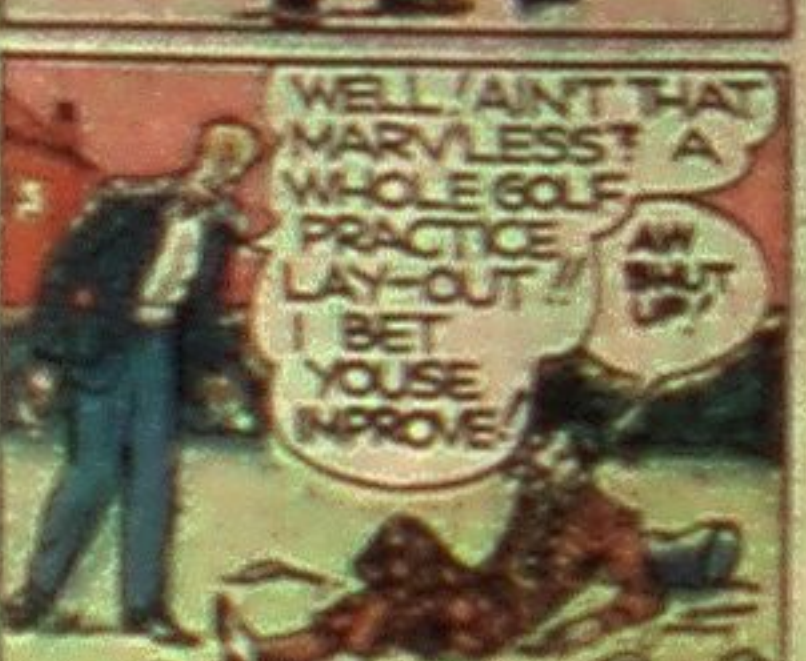


PRACTICE INFIGHTING. AFTER YOU HAVE PUNCHED AT THE BODY, STEP IN FAST WITH AN UPPERCUT AS SHOWN HERE--



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

BOB FITZSIMMONS DIDN'T REALLY KNOCK OUT HIS OPPONENTS WITH HIS 'SOLAR PLEXUS' PUNCH. BUT, IT'S A LEFT TO THE PIT OF THE STOMACH THAT WEAKENS!



ALWAYS BE AT A RANGE WHERE YOU CAN EITHER SHOOT A PUNCH--OR BY SIDE-STEPPING OR GOING BACK--WARD YOU CAN AVOID ONE.

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



I WOULDN'T TURN DOWN THAT STREET MISTER--YOU BETTER TURN AROUND!

W-WHY NOT, FYOUSE PLEASE?



IT'S THE WORST BUNCH OF HOOD-LUMS IN THE WORLD POLICE GO THRU IN FIVES--THEY'RE ALL GANGSTERS!

WULL--IM SURE IT'LL BE AWRIGHT--BUT THANK YOUSE.



SHAME ON YOUSE, STEALIN' FROM THAT POOR MAN! HERE MISTER--

GIMME THAT--YA POP OH POP!



IM SUPPRIZED AT YOUSE--

GRRR!



WHY, I'LL MOW YEE!



NOW I AM MAD! YOUSE HAVE WENT TOO FAR

HAW! HAW!



MIKE'S HAPPY! HE AINT HAD A VICTIM LATELY!

WISH IT WAS MY TURN--ID LIKE TSOCK DAT SSSY!



★ ★ ★



CMON GANG

HE WAS LUCKY!

WE'LL TEAR 'IM UP!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

AS JOE'S OPPONENT STARTS A LEFT JAB, JOE IS PRETENDING TO WITHDRAW HIS RIGHT ARM BUT IT COMES UP.



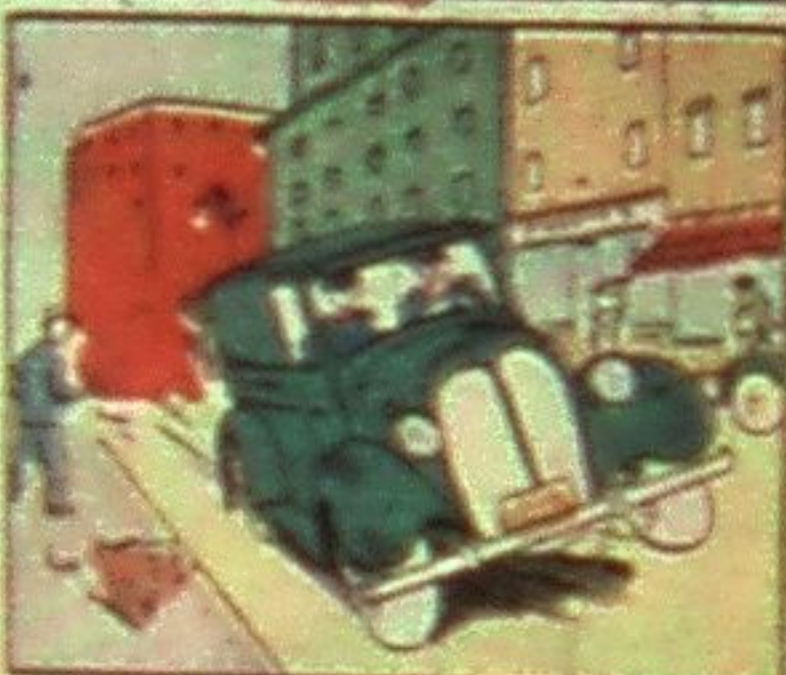
JOE WARDS THE OTHER MAN'S GLOVE AND COUNTERS WITH A LEFT TO THE JAW. GET A PAL TO PRACTICE THIS WITH YOU.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

CONTINUED



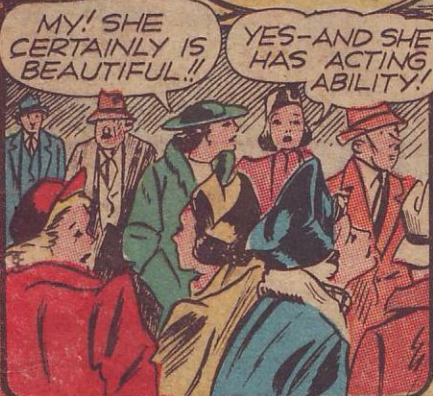
More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the February Issue—on sale December 30th.



# SCREEN Snapshots

BY BERNARD BAILY

## Hedy Lamarr



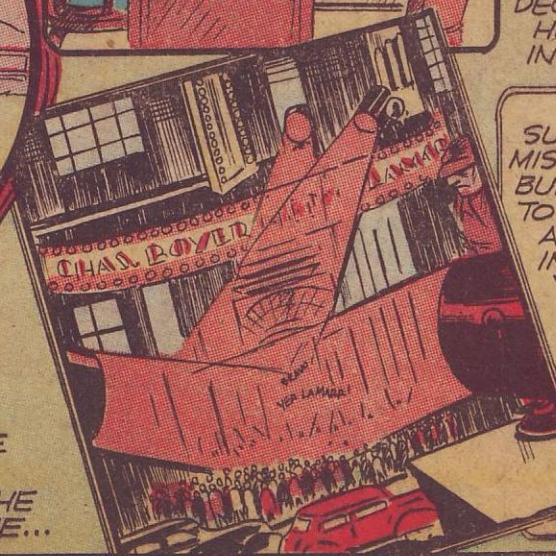
A GREAT SCREEN CAREER SEEMS TO BE IN STORE FOR THE LOVELY HEDY LAMARR. SHE WAS ONE OF THE MOST TALKED ABOUT STARS IN ALL EUROPE...



FOR MONTHS AFTER M.G.M. SIGNED UP HEDY SHE WAS KEPT UNDER COVER--- NO NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS WERE ALLOWED, AND NO PHOTOS OF HER WERE RELEASED! SHE WAS RARELY SEEN BY ANYONE...



HAVING FORBID HER APPEARING IN A FOREIGN MOVIE, HER WEALTHY EUROPEAN HUSBAND TRIED TO BUY UP ALL THE RELEASES OF THE FILM. HEDY THEN DECIDED TO TRY HER LUCK IN HOLLYWOOD



THEN SUDDENLY MISS LAMARR BURST FORTH TO THRILL AMERICANS IN THE MOVIE, "ALGIERS." HER WORK IN THIS PICTURE SEEMS TO HAVE ESTABLISHED A LASTING POPULARITY





# DIXIE DUGAN

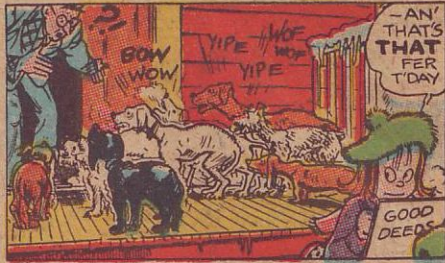
© 1938 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





GOOD  
DEED  
DOY



## DIXIE DUGAN

© 1938, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





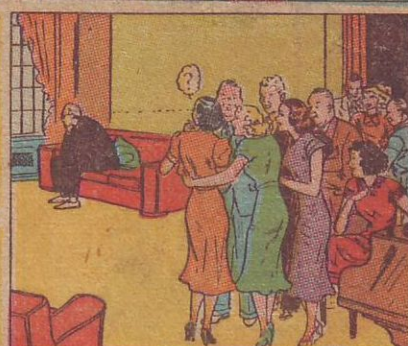
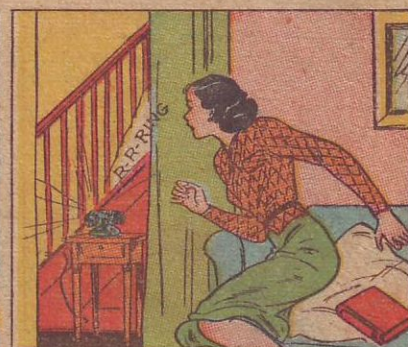
**GOOD  
DEED  
DIXIE**



## DIXIE DUGAN

© 1932, McPhail & Son, Inc.

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL



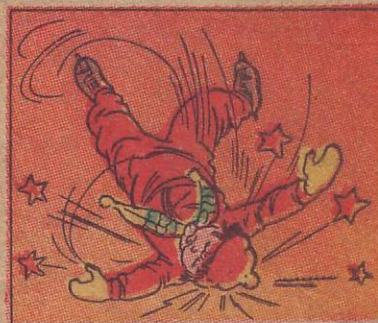




# DIXIE DUGAN

© 1935, McEVOY Studios, Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the February issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale December 30th.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

## SIGHTLESS WONDER

JOHN METCALF -  
of Knaresborough, England,  
PERMANENTLY BLINDED  
AT THE AGE OF 6, BECAME AN  
EXPERT BRIDGE AND ROAD BUILDER,  
SOLDIER, STAGE COACH DRIVER,  
CARD PLAYER, SWIMMER,  
BOWLER, COCK-FIGHTER, JOCKEY,  
DIVER, HUNTER, HORSE TRADER,  
AND SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN!

HE DIED AT 93 IN 1810,  
LEAVING 90  
GRANDCHILDREN



CENTER OF THE CONTINENT--  
RUGBY, N.D., IS SITUATED  
AT THE EXACT GEOGRAPHICAL  
CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

OLD MAN OF THE  
DALLES--  
A NATURAL ROCK  
FORMATION IN  
INTERSTATE PARK,  
Wisconsin...



A FIRE ENGINE  
CAUGHT FIRE  
AND HAD TO CALL  
ANOTHER ENGINE TO  
PUT THE BLAZE OUT!  
-Troy, N.Y., 1937-

CHICAGO, N.I.,  
SCORED 18 RUNS  
IN ONE INNING...!  
THE LUCKY 7TH!  
-vs. Detroit,  
1883-



THE BARK OF  
DOUGLAS FIRS GROWS  
TO BE 9 INCHES THICK





AND I SAID--

HE'S A FAKE! DON'T SIGN IT!!



HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR HAIRCUT, SIR?



SO! YA RUINED MY HAIR--THERE!!



BOSS, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE A MIRROR 'TIL YOU'VE HAD A LIL' MORE EXPERIENCE!!

# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

# BLUE MONDAY

By H. J. TUTHILL  
© 1935 McLaughlin Syndicate Inc. N. Y.



THE NERVE OF THAT LAUNDRESS DISAPPOINTING ME! AND I'VE HAD THESE THINGS SOAKING FOR TWO DAYS!!



HA! SOMEONE HAS STOLEN ALL OF MY BLUEING!! YES--ALL OF IT!



AND THEY CUT PART OF MY GOOD LINE OFF TOO! IMAGINE!!



ALSO, ABOUT HALF OF MY CLOTHESPINS ARE GONE!!



NOW THAT THOSE CLOTHES ARE UP I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO GOT THE BLUEING AND CLOTHESPINS!



OH DEAR! THE LINE BROKE!!



HEAVENS! ALL THIS WORK--AND THESE TUB STOPPERS LEAK AFTER I'VE TOLD THE LANDLORD TO FIX THEM FIFTY TIMES!



HMM--AT LAST I'VE GOT ALL THE CLOTHES UP AGAIN!



DONE AT LAST! WHAT A DAY--I'M SOAKING FROM THAT WET LAUNDRY! I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS?



I SHOULD'VE STARTED SUPPER AN HOUR AGO--BUT I'M GOING TO REST HERE FOR FIVE MINUTES YET!



WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



IT'S THUNDER!!



RAIN!



JO! OH JO! WHERE ARE YOU?

WHAT! YOU'RE HOME?



I ALMOST GOT WET COMING HOME--ISN'T SUPPER READY?

HMM! I JUST HOPED YOU'D ASK THAT!!



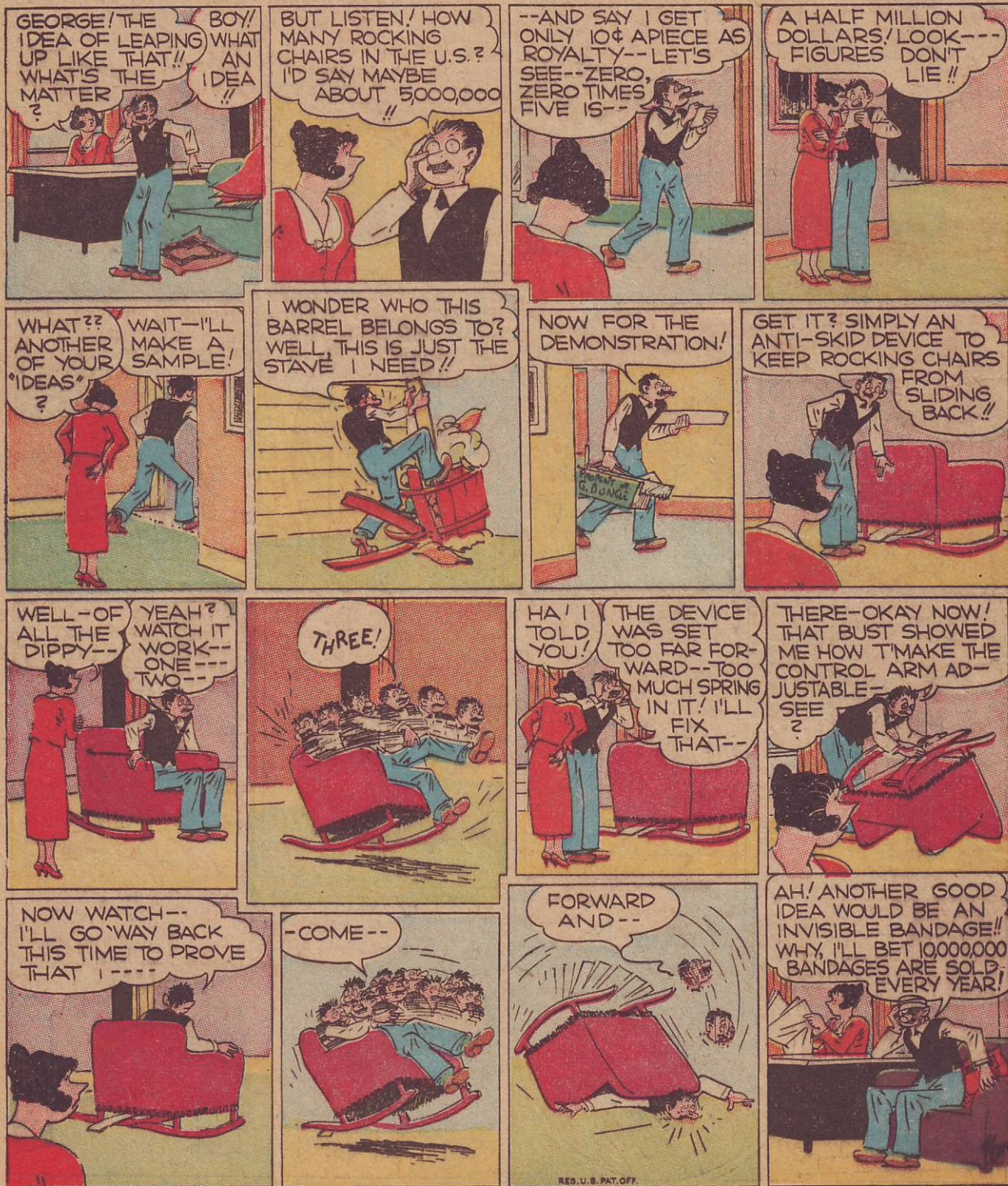


## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

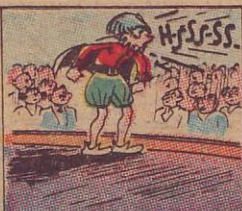
MORE MILLION DOLLAR IDEAS

By H. J. TUTHILL

McNair & Son, Inc. N.Y.







Little Brother

GAME TODAY

AH! GAME TODAY

WHAT? RAIN ???

RAIN ???



# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

# DENTISTRY

By H. J. TUTHILL  
© 1954, McNaught Syndicate, Inc. N. Y.



WOW! THIS TOOTH IS KILLING ME!! WHAT'S THIS---OIL---OH WELL--OF SOME-THING--



I'LL TAKE A CHANCE--MUST PUT SOME-THING ON IT--THIS SMELLS LIKE ARNICA!



THAT STUFF MADE IT WORSE--GOTTA TRY SOMETHING ELSE--ANY-THING!



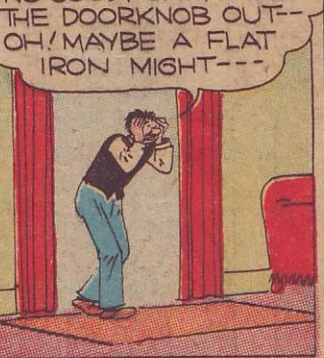
THIS TYING A STRING ON A DOORKNOB IS OLD STUFF--BUT IT MIGHT WORK!



ONE, TWO--



THREE!



NO GOOD! ONLY PULLED THE DOORKNOB OUT--OH! MAYBE A FLAT IRON MIGHT---



TO YANK IT GOOD I'LL FLING THE IRON OUT THE WINDOW--



READY--SET--



GO! UP!! THE STRING BROKE



OWWWW!! THIS PAIN IS WORSE!!



SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



YEAH! YOUR IRON BUSTED ME ON THE SKULL FELLA! SAY--DIDN'T YOU RAZZ ME WHEN I WAS BOXIN' THE OTHER NIGHT, BUD?



SURE! YOU'RE TH' BIRD!! YA CAN'T TAKE IT VERY WELL, EH PAL?



WHOO! HE HIT ME--THEN I MADE A PASS AT HIM--THEN--



OH!! THE TOOTHACHE HAS GONE--KNOCKED OUT IN THAT LAST TUSSE! GREAT!! FINE!! NOTHING TO IT!!



# NED BRANT

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

By BOB ZUPPKE

Invited to appear before the entire student body at chapel, Bud Shekels assumes they expect a public apology for his act in running onto the field to break up a scoring pass which allowed Standish to beat Carter, 7 to 6.

BEFORE WE CONDEMN HIM, LET'S HEAR WHAT WENT ON IN THE MIND OF THE BOY WHO RAN ONTO THE FIELD IN HIS STREET CLOTHES AND INTERCEPTED A STANDISH FORWARD PASS —

BUD DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT AS SOON AS HE GETS THROUGH EXPLAINING, WE'RE GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR SNUBBING HIM

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STUDENTS OF CARTER COLLEGE — I PRESENT BUD SHEKELS —

You could hear a pin drop as Bud leaves his seat high in the balcony and proceeds briskly toward the stage

INCIDENTALLY, IT WAS THE ONLY PASS HE CAUGHT ALL SEASON

Though smarting under the razzing he has taken for a fortnight, Bud holds his temper until he reaches the stage

AS I CAME DOWNSTAIRS I HEARD A NUMBER OF HISSES — YOU KNOW WHAT HISS? GEESE! SO QUACK QUACK, RIGHT BACK AT YOU!

IF YOU THINK I CAME TO APOLOGIZE OR TO EXPLAIN, YOU'RE WRONG! I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M HERE AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG!

I'M HERE TO SAY I'VE GOT MORE SCHOOL SPIRIT THAN ANY OF YOU APES WHO HAVE BEEN TURNING YOUR BACKS ON ME SINCE I SPOILED THAT FOOTBALL GAME — THANK YOU — GOOD DAY!

For a full 30 seconds the crowd, expecting an alibi, sits stunned as Bud finishes his tongue-lashing and leaves the building.

Then, realizing the injustice done the freshman halfback, the undergraduates leap to their feet and cheer him to the echo

WE WANT BUD SHEKELS!

COME ON — AFTER HIM!

YOU GUYS MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT BECAUSE I'LL BE UP HERE FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER MOST OF MY COLLEGE CAREER!



ALPHA  
CHI  
RHO

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...

FOUNDED: AT TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 4, 1895, BY THE LATE REV. PAUL ZIEGLER AND FOUR OTHER MEN. INTRINSIC WORTH IS THE SOLE GUIDE IN THE SELECTING OF THE NEW MEMBERS.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



GET INTO YOUR NEAT LITTLE PANTIES, BOYS, AND SCAMPER ABOUT THE GYMNASIUM FLOOR.

AW, DROP DEAD, SHEKELS!



WHY NOT COME OUT FOR FRESHMAN BASKETBALL, BUD? THE TEAM NEEDS YOU

NOT WITH A BUNCH OF PUNK PLAYERS LIKE YOU GUYS!



ON SECOND THOUGHT, NED, I THINK I WILL BE AT PRACTICE TODAY -

GOOD BOY! I KNEW THE OLD SCHOOL SPIRIT WOULD SHOW ITSELF!



OH, DON'T GET EXCITED - I DIDN'T MEAN PUT ON A SUIT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BUD?



I'LL BE UP IN THE BLEACHERS GIVING YOUR FUNNY BALL CLUB A PROPER AND FITTING GREETING!



LITTLE SURPRISE, GANG! WE'RE PLAYING COLERAINE FRESHMEN NEXT WEEK!

THERE'S ONE TEAM I'D LIKE TO PLASTER!

OH BOY! C'MON LET'S GET THOSE PLAYS WORKING!



YOU GUYS ARE TERRIBLE! YOU ARE AWFUL! WHEN WORSE BASKETBALL IS PLAYED, YOU WILL PLAY IT!



TAKE CHARGE OF THE TEAM A MINUTE, NED!

BUD'S ONLY KIDDING, COACH - HE DIDN'T MEAN THOSE THINGS!



SHEKELS, IN GETTING READY FOR A TOUGH TEAM LIKE COLERAINE, WE HAVE NO PLACE FOR HECKLERS OR QUITTERS - AND YOU'RE BOTH!

GETTING READY FOR COLERAINE? SAY - COACH -



THERE'S ONE GAME I'D LIKE TO PLAY IN - COACH SHELTON WOULDN'T DARE LEAVE ME OFF THE TEAM - I'M TOO GOOD!

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Shekels' opinion of Shekels is something to marvel at, my brave fellows!

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...



PHI SIGMA DELTA

FOUNDED: AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910, BY ALFRED LAASON, MAXWELL HYMAN AND SIX OTHER MEN. THE PROFESSOR BRUMMER CUP IS AWARDED EACH YEAR TO THE CHAPTER WHOSE RECORD IS BEST.



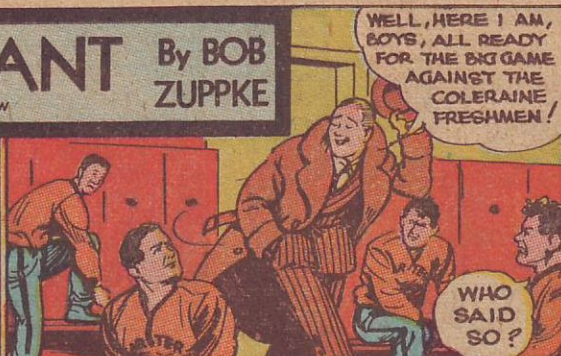
# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEFEW

Bud Shekels suddenly decides to go out for the freshman basketball team when he learns of a game with the Coleraine freshmen. BUD KNOWS HE'S GOOD!

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... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...



THETA  
KAPPA  
PHI

FOUNDED: AT LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,  
OCTOBER 1, 1919, ITS PURPOSE BEING TO  
PROMOTE GOOD FELLOWSHIP, AND TO  
ENCOURAGE HIGH SCHOLASTIC STANDINGS.



# NED BRANT

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

By BOB ZUPPKE

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, SHOTGUN—YOU KNOW HOW PROUD BUD SHEKELS IS OF HIS APPEARANCE—

Coleraine freshmen lead Carter's strong yearling team 18 to 15 with 1 minute and 27 seconds to play.

LOOK AT THIS SUIT COACH SHELDON GAVE ME! IF I WERE IN A CORNFIELD THE CROWS WOULD DIE OF FRIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, BUD—HE WOULDN'T SEND YOU IN IF COLERAINE WERE LEADING GO TO 15!

SEND BUD IN AND THE COLERAINE FANS WILL GREET HIM WITH A RAZZBERRY OPERA!

SURE! AND BUD WILL GET MAD, DECIDE TO SHOW 'EM, AND MAYBE GO ON A SCORING RAMPAGE!

I SEE THE SUIT—BUT WHERE'S SHEKELS?

DON'T GET RATTLED IN THERE, AND IF YOU GET THAT BALL, SHOOT!

MUST HAVE BEEN MADE BY TWO TAILORS WHO WERE MAD AT EACH OTHER!

B.W. DEPEW

Coleraine guards foul Bud in their mad effort to stop him, and he gets a free shot.

DON'T GET THE BALL CAUGHT IN YOUR SHIRT!

THE SECOND FOUL WAS CALLED ON THE CROWD FOR SHOUTING AT A PLAYER ABOUT TO SHOOT

THAT'S IT POINTS FOR CARTER

SMART GUYS, EH? GIMME THAT BALL, SOMEBODY!

Made fighting mad by the razzing, Bud races down the sideline as the Coleraine section chants the remaining seconds of play... Five... Four... Three—

Like a bullet goes the ball from Ned Brant to Bud Shekels. Bud leaps, shoots—and the gun ending the game explodes.

THERE'S THE GUN!

AND OUR BALL GAME, 19 TO 18!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LOVELY PEOPLE—TAKE A GOOD LOOK—I DON'T NEED A FORM FITTING SUIT TO BEAT A DUMB COLERAINE TEAM!

SHEKELS!

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Canada and Foreign **\$1.50**

Ned Brant is continued in the February issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale December 30th.



# Archie by BUD THOMAS O'TOOLE

AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY, I HAVE THE HONOR OF BESTOWING UPON YOU, KING O'TOOLE THE BLESSINGS AND GOOD WISHES OF OUR CITIZENS-- MAY YOUR VOYAGE TO YOUR NATIVE LAND BE A SUCCESSFUL ONE!



MEANWHILE, THE N.Y. UNDERWORLD PLOTS.

SO-KING O'TOOLE IS FLYING HOME!! HE'S GOT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ABOARD HIS PLANE-- THE MONEY HE MADE BY SIGNING HIS NAME TO TOOTHPASTE ADS-- WE MUST GET IT!



COME WITH ME--I MUST GET MY STEP-DAUGHTER TO AID ME---



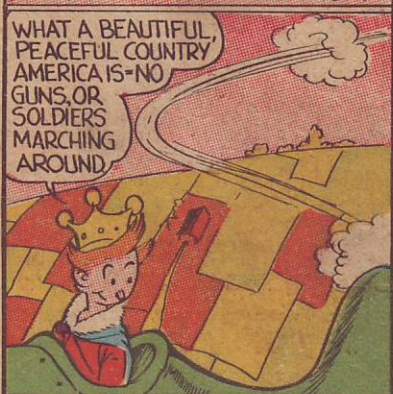
NO-NO-NO! I WILL DO NONE OF YOUR DIRTY WORK!

PLEASE, I BESEECH YOU--YOU MUST HELP YOUR AILING FATHER!



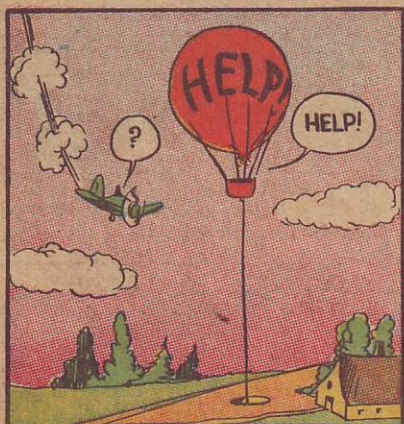
THUS, FLYING PEACEFULLY ALOFT...

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL, PEACEFUL COUNTRY AMERICA IS--NO GUNS, OR SOLDIERS MARCHING AROUND.



HELP!

HELP!



SOMEONE IN THAT BALLOON IS CALLING FOR HELP--I MUST GO TO THEIR AID!



-ER-HELLO, MAY I HELP YOU IN YOUR DISTRESS?



DON'T WIGGLE, SO'S I CAN WALK ACROSS--

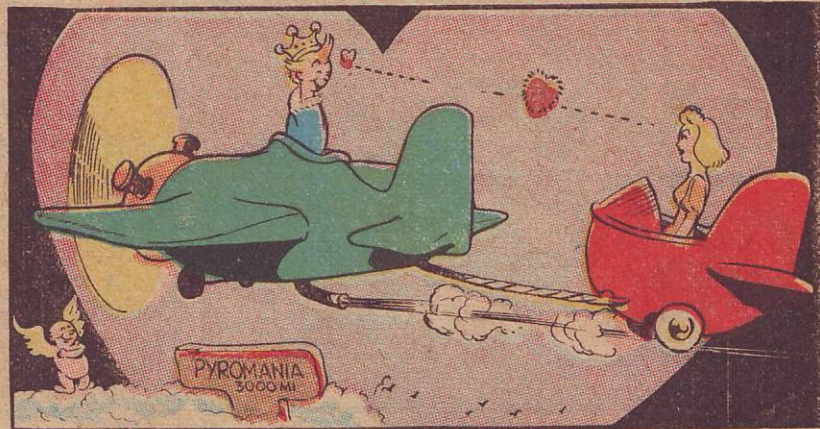
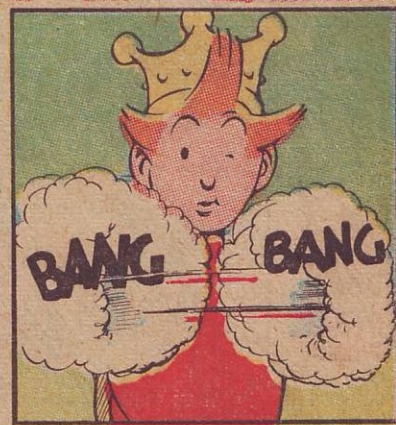
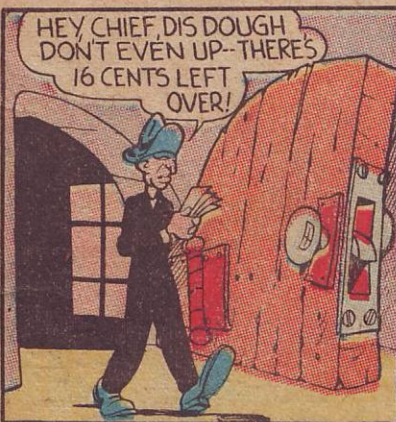


AHA! SO, NOW I'VE GOT YOU, KING O'TOOLE!!





QUICKLY, ARCHIE IS TIED AND TAKEN TO THE VILLAINS LAIR.....



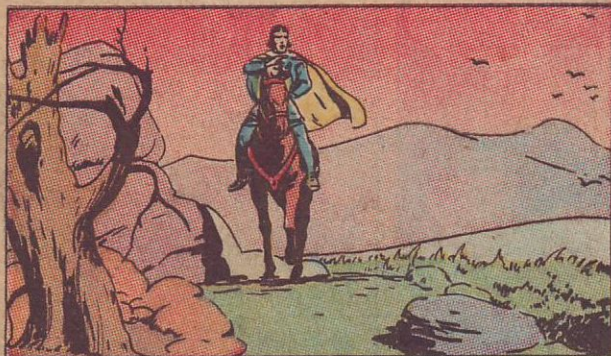
Another adventure of Archie O'Toole in the February issue—on sale December 30th.



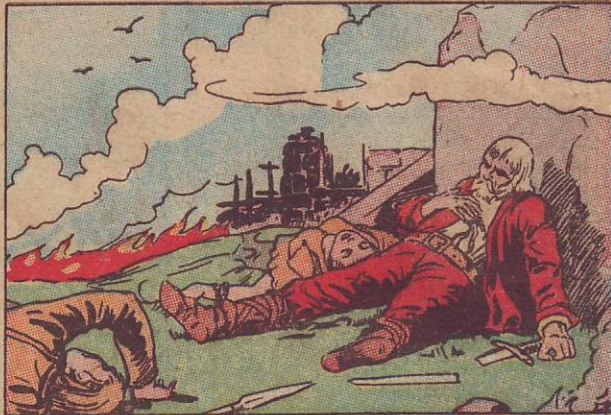
# Gallant Knight

by  
VERNON HENKEL

SIR NEVILLE  
RIDES SOUTHWARD  
AWAY FROM  
THE CASTLE  
OF GALLEYNE  
HIS SWORD  
LOOSE IN THE  
SCABBARD  
FOR DEATH  
SEEMED TO  
LUCK EVERY-  
WHERE IN THIS  
WILD COUNTRY



MOUNTING A HIGH CLIFF THE KNIGHT-ERRANT  
WAS SOON CONFRONTED BY A SCENE OF GRIM DISASTER

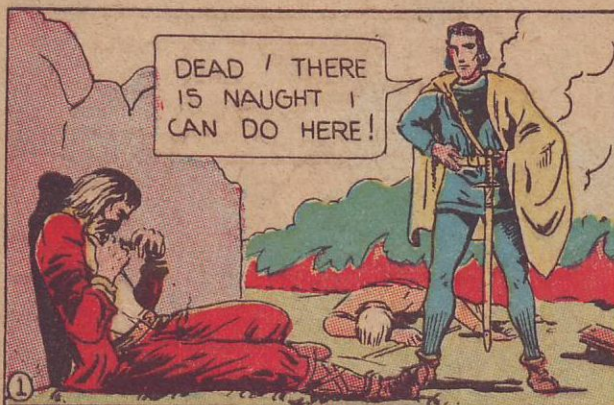


AS  
NEVILLE  
RODE  
UP  
THE  
OLD  
MAN  
STIRRED  
FEEBLY

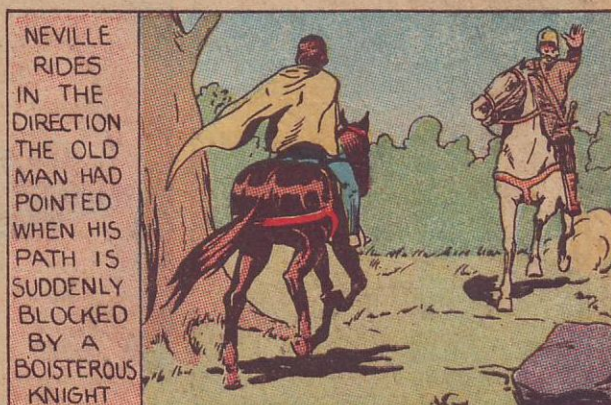
PEACE ! WHAT  
ILL FORTUNE HAS  
STRUCK THEE,  
SIRE ?



'T WAS THE BLACK BARON ! HE  
STOLE MY CATTLE - BURNED MY  
FIELDS AND CARRIED AWAY MY  
SON ! MY SON ! I MUST RESCUE  
HIM BEFORE ---

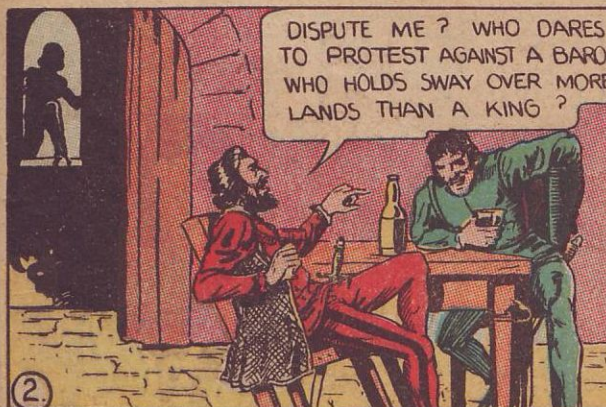
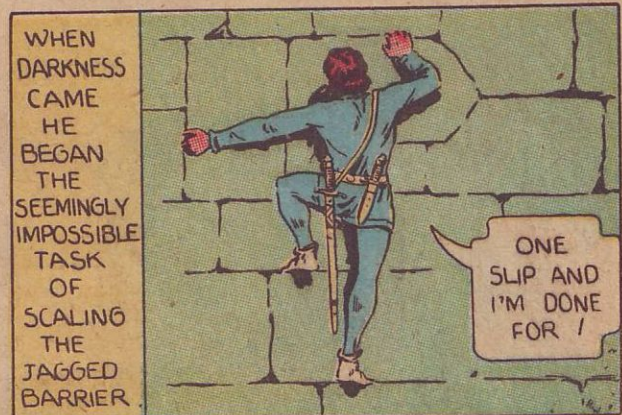
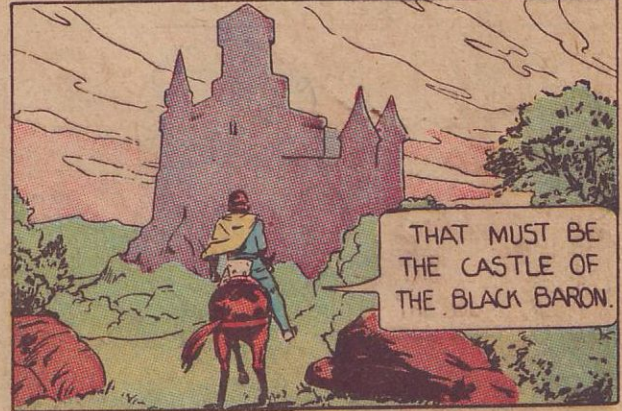
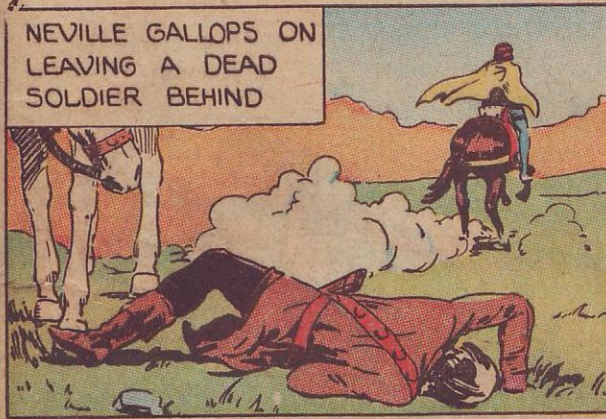
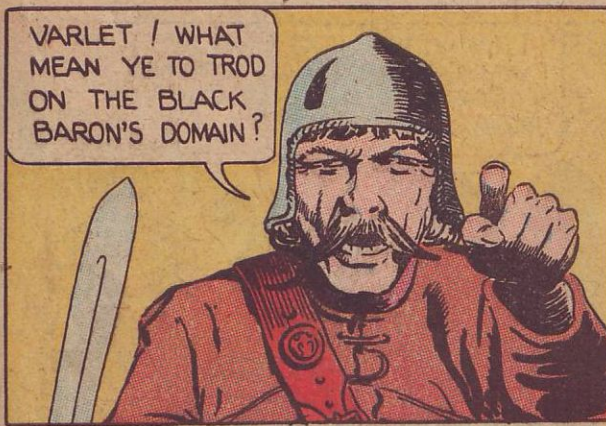


DEAD ! THERE  
IS NAUGHT I  
CAN DO HERE !



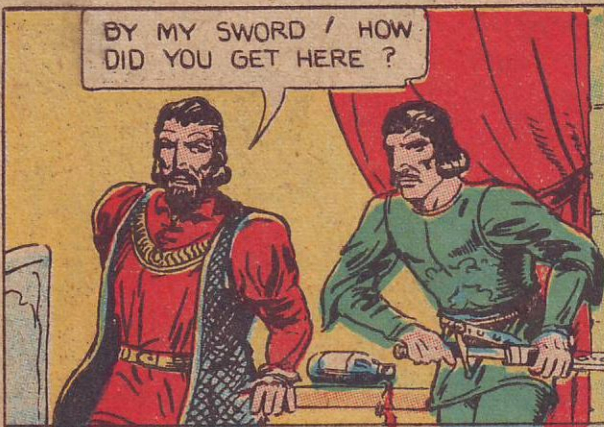
NEVILLE  
RIDES  
IN THE  
DIRECTION  
THE OLD  
MAN HAD  
POINTED  
WHEN HIS  
PATH IS  
SUDDENLY  
BLOCKED  
BY A  
BOISTEROUS  
KNIGHT







BY MY SWORD / HOW  
DID YOU GET HERE ?



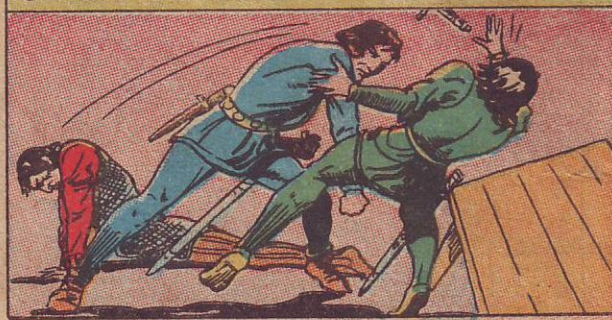
SEIZE THIS  
MAD FOOL!  
GUARDS! GUARDS!



I KNOW NOT HOW MANY WRETCHES  
YOU HAVE KILLED OR TORTURED BUT  
I HAVE COME TO SAVE ONE LAD  
FROM A LIFE OF CRIME !



THE LIGHT-HEARTED NEVILLE STRUCK FIRST -  
HIS ATTACK SENT THE STARTLED NOBLES  
SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR

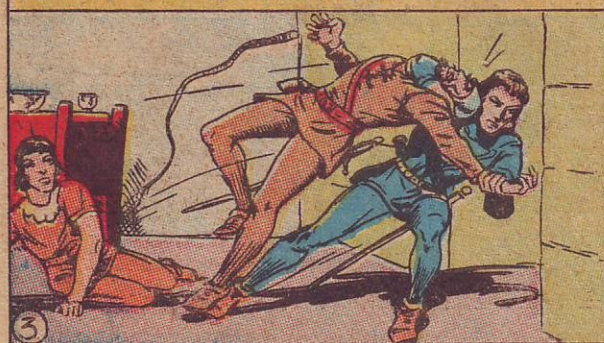


MEANWHILE, FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE  
SCREAMS RANG OUT AS A YOUTHFUL BOY RE-  
FUSED TO DO HIS MASTER'S BIDDING



HA ! YOU LITTLE  
CHURL - SO YOU NEED  
MORE DISCIPLINE ?

FROM THE SHADOWS STEELY FINGERS REACHED  
OUT TO TIGHTEN IN A GRIP OF DEATH

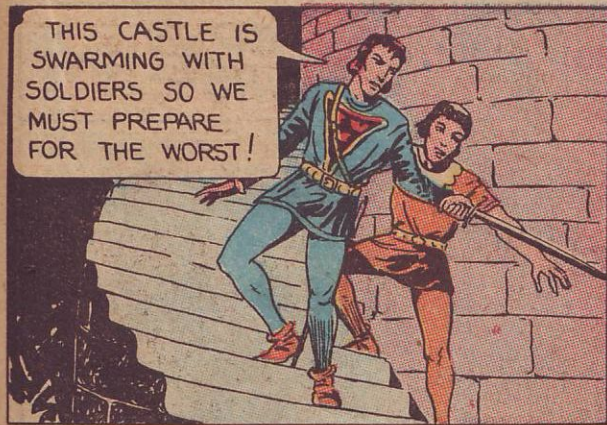


PLEASE, SIRE  
TAKE ME AWAY  
FROM HERE !

THAT DO I INTEND,  
LAD, SHOULD FORTUNE  
FAVOR US !







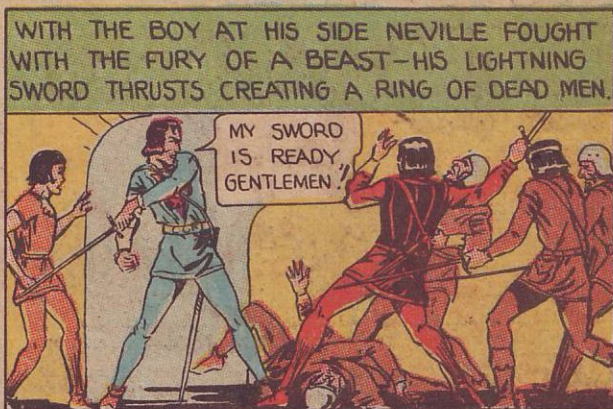
THIS CASTLE IS SWARMING WITH SOLDIERS SO WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE WORST!



LOOKOUT BEHIND!



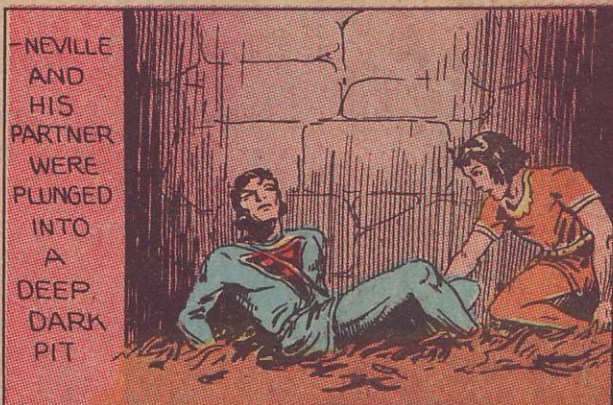
JUMP M'LAD!



MY SWORD IS READY, GENTLEMEN.



THE BLACK BARON DIRECTED HIS MEN TO PRESS THE FUGITIVES TO A CERTAIN SPOT. THEN—A LEVER WAS PULLED—THE FLOOR GAVE WAY AND--



NEVILLE AND HIS PARTNER WERE PLUNGED INTO A DEEP DARK PIT



ABOVE THEM THEY HEARD THE BARON UTTER A FIENDISH LAUGH, WHILE BELOW...



---A DOOR SLOWLY OPENED AND THE TWO CAPTIVES WERE CONFRONTED BY THE GLEAMING EYES OF A GREAT BLACK PANTHER! CONTINUED~



# BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN

AFTER HIS TALK WITH TEX ROPER HAL THOMPSON GETS HIS HORSE "SUNSHINE" READY

HERE'S A LUMP OF SUGAR, OLD PAL!



MEANWHILE THE "FLYING FALCON'S" CLOSE THE SHOW WITH THEIR DARING ACT--



ON THE OUTSIDE THE COWBOYS AND INDIANS WAIT FOR THE WILD WEST SHOW TO BEGIN--



THE MAIN SHOW IS OVER, AND SILK ANNOUNCES THE STARS IN THE WILD WEST SHOW--

NOW, HAL THOMPSON!! COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES--



H'RAY HAL!! OH! GEE PA--I SAW HIM OFTEN IN TH' MOVIES! AIN'T "SUNSHINE" SWELL?



AFTER THE FANCY RIDING AND LASSOING HAL DOES SOME ROPE JUMPING--



--ENDING WITH TRICK SHOOTING WHILE STANDING ON "SUNSHINE"--



NEXT THE INDIANS DO THEIR "RAIN DANCE."



WHEN THE SHOW IS OVER THE CROWD TALK OF NOTHING BUT HAL!!

BOY! WHAT A RIDER HAL THOMPSON IS, EH?



AND HE CAN DO ANYTHING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I MUST SEE HOW MYRA IS!



HOW'S YOUR ANKLE, DEAR?

IT'S MUCH BETTER, HAL!



TELL ME ABOUT THE SHOW!

WELL, FIRST I DID MY BIG "SLIDE FOR LIFE," AND LATER THE COWBOY STUFF.



YOU'RE SUCH A COMFORT, GOT TO HAL--

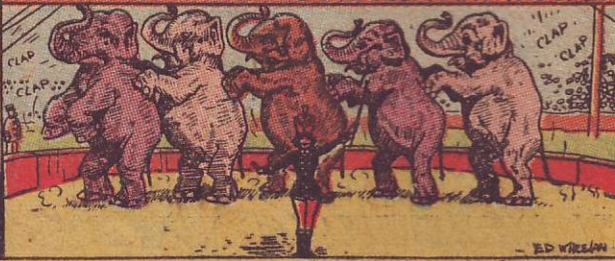


LATER, HAL SEES JEFF BANGS--

--AND WE WON'T HAVE MYRA DO THAT RISKY WIRE ACT YET HAL--



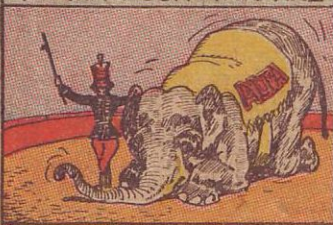
SO, WHEN HER ANKLE IS STRONG MYRA'S NEW ACT IS DRILLING THE ELEPHANT TROUPE.





# BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN

THE BIG ELEPHANT ACT IS OVER, AND MYRA PUTS ALTA THROUGH A ROUTINE



ALL RIGHT, ALTA-- NOW SIT UP!



BUT, AS SILK FOWLER LOOKS ON--

VERY PRETTY! BUT MY DAY WILL COME!



AND FINALLY ALTA'S DANCE EXIT--



OH BOY! LOOK AT THAT!

NEXT COMES CAPTAIN OLSEN'S TRAINED SEALS

COME OLAF! WAKE UP--- CATCH DIS!!



BUT, STRANGELY THE SEALS MISS NEARLY ALL THEIR TRICKS--

VAT IS DA MATTER?



GEE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM, PA?



AFTER THE ACT JEFF BANGS RUSHES TO CAPTAIN OLSEN---

SEALS ACT SICK! SOMEBODY GIVE DEM BAD FISH!



NOW THE CLOWNS PUT ON THEIR "WALK AROUND"---

PEP IT UP, BOYS-- THE SEALS NEARLY RUINED THE SHOW!



YOO HOO

HURRY UP, PINHEAD!



DOC STORK



MEANWHILE, MYRA AND HAL THOMPSON MEET

NOW, NOW OH HAL!! DEAR-- HAD A HORRID DREAM ABOUT SILLY! YOUR ACT--



BUT SUDDENLY HAL AND MYRA ARE INTERRUPTED!!

LOOK OUT!! MAD DOG



THE MAD DOG NOW CHASES SKOOKIE INTO THE CENTER RING--



SEEING HAL'S "SLIDE FOR LIFE" WIRE SKOOKIE WILDLY LEAPS FOR IT--



--HE'S HALF WAY UP, AND THE WIRE SNAPS



BUT SKOOKIE CLINGS DESPERATELY TO THE BROKEN WIRE!



MYRA NEARLY FAINTS AS SHE SEES HAL'S WIRE BREAK IN TWO!!



MEANWHILE, A NET IS THROWN OVER THE MAD DOG--



AND JEFF BANGS IS NEARLY FRANTIC!



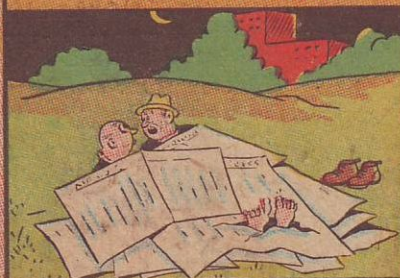
Big Top is continued in the February issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale December 30th.



# Off the RECORD By Ed Reed



"BY THE WAY,  
CAN YOU SWIM?"



"PUT YOUR SHOES ON---  
YOU'RE TEARING THE SHEETS!"



"YOU GOT AN AWFUL SCARE IN  
LAST NIGHT'S HOLD-UP!"

## IT'S NOT TOO LATE

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1938  
**LIONEL**  
catalog



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933 Of Feature Funnies, published monthly, at Cleveland, Ohio, for October 1, 1938.

State of Ohio

County of Cuyahoga

ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward Cronin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the FEATURE FUNNIES, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Edward Cronin, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Managers, Ann L. Horgan, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everett M. Arnold, 24 Centre Drive, Old Greenwich, Conn.  
Frank J. Markey, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Henry P. Martin, Jr., c/o The Register & Tribune Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Frank J. Murphy, 334 Weaver Street, Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) EDWARD C. CRONIN

Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1938.

(Signed) F. S. FRASER, Notary Public  
(My commission expires March 9th, 1941.)





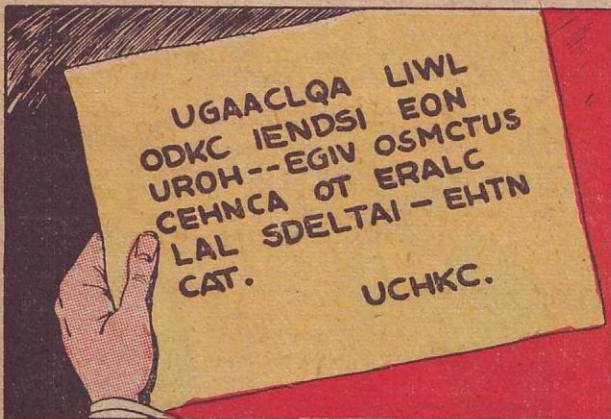
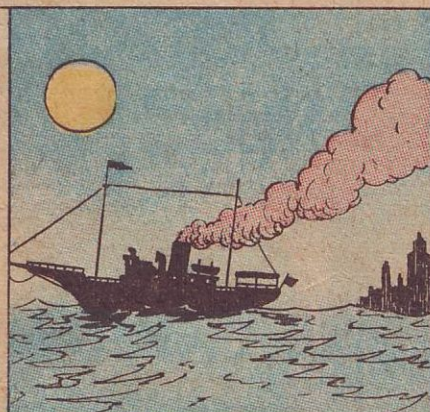
THE  
S. S. ACQUAGAL,  
ASSIGNED TO  
CARRY THE  
FAMOUS MOGOL  
DIAMOND  
ACROSS THE  
SEAS TO ITS  
NEW OWNER,  
TAFFNEY & SON,  
JEWELERS,  
PLOWS  
MAJESTICALLY  
UP THE  
HARBOR--



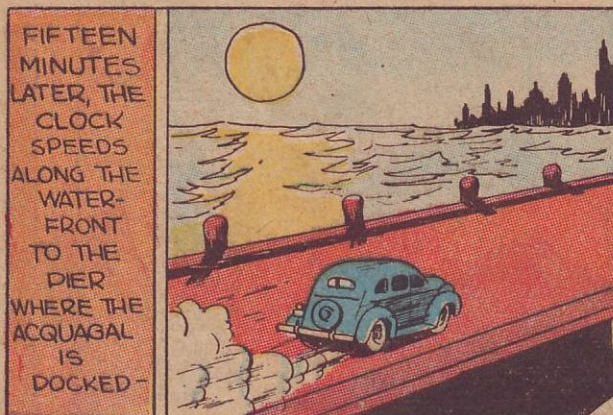
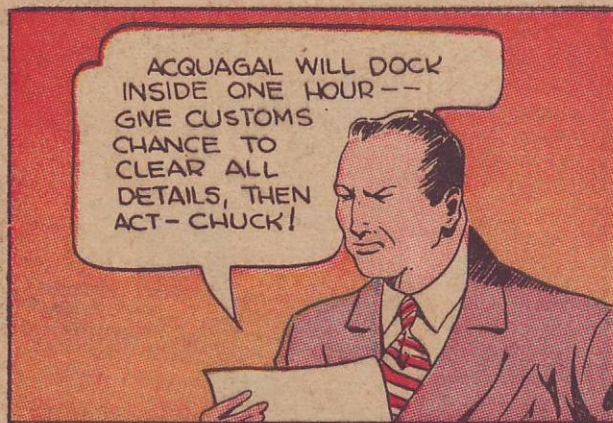
AT  
THE  
SAME  
TIME  
ABOARD  
A  
SMALL  
YACHT--



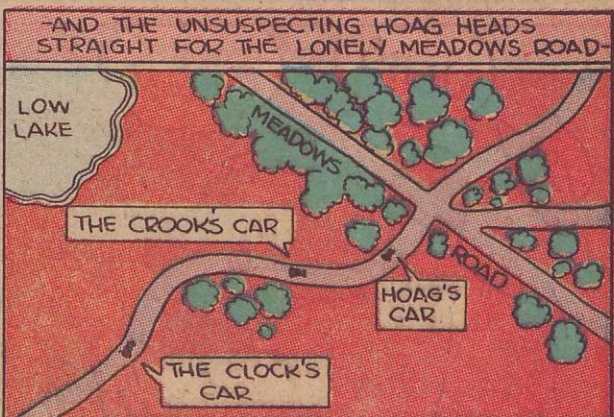
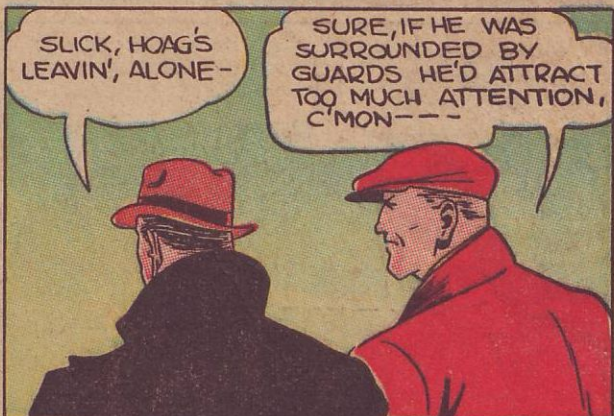
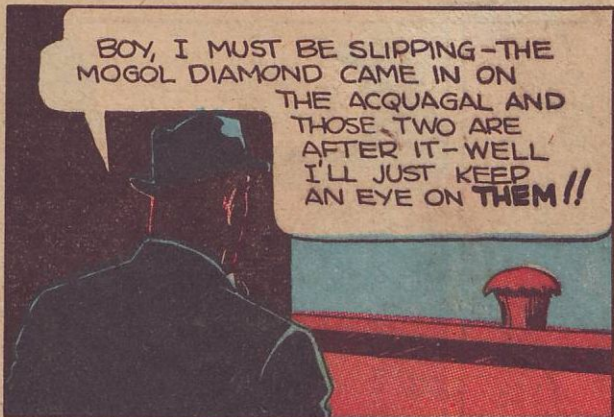
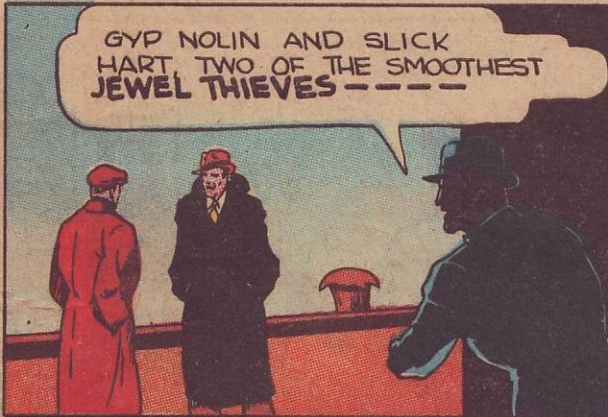
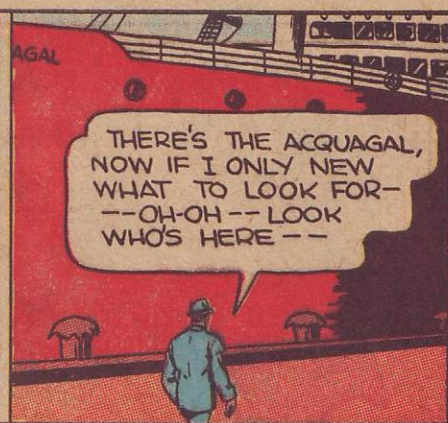
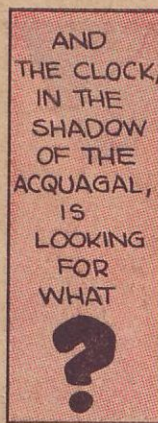
ITS  
DASTARDLY  
DEED  
ACCOMPLISHED,  
THE YACHT  
HEADS FOR  
THE OPEN  
SEA AT  
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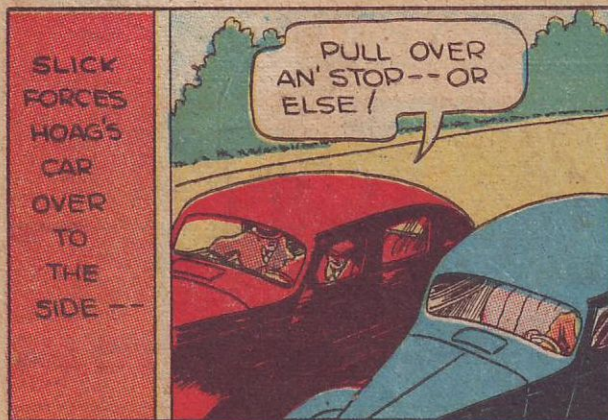
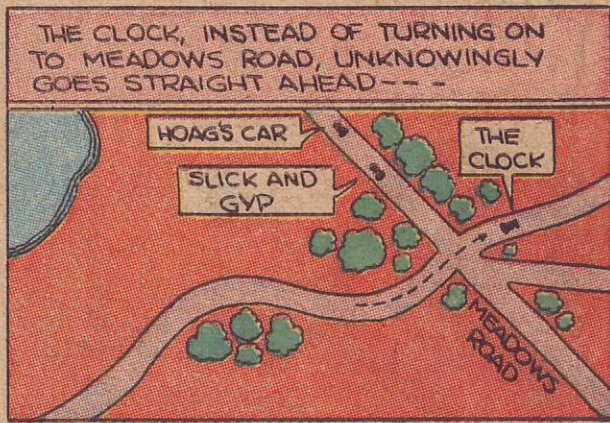




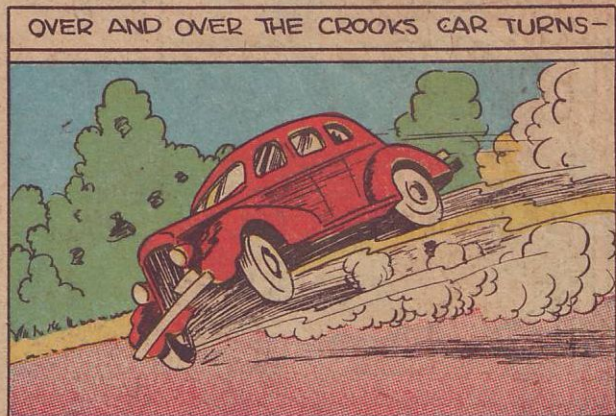
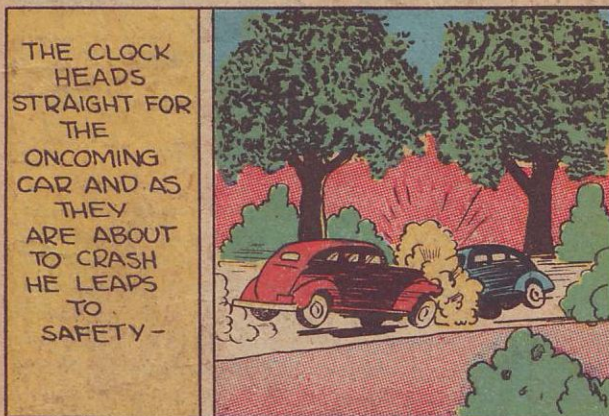
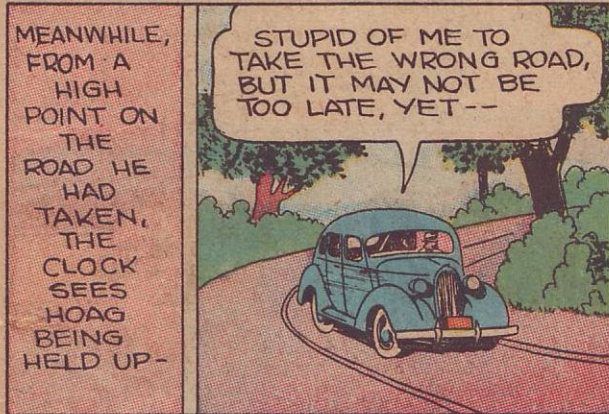








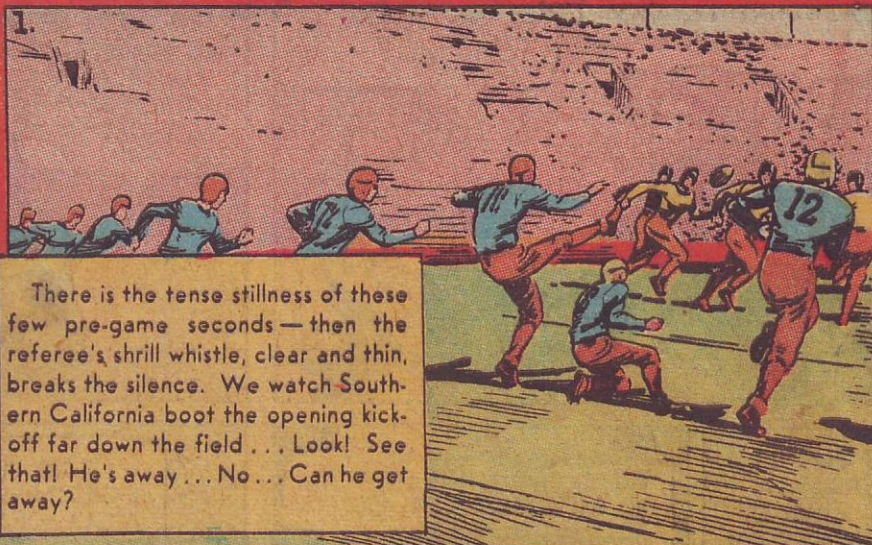




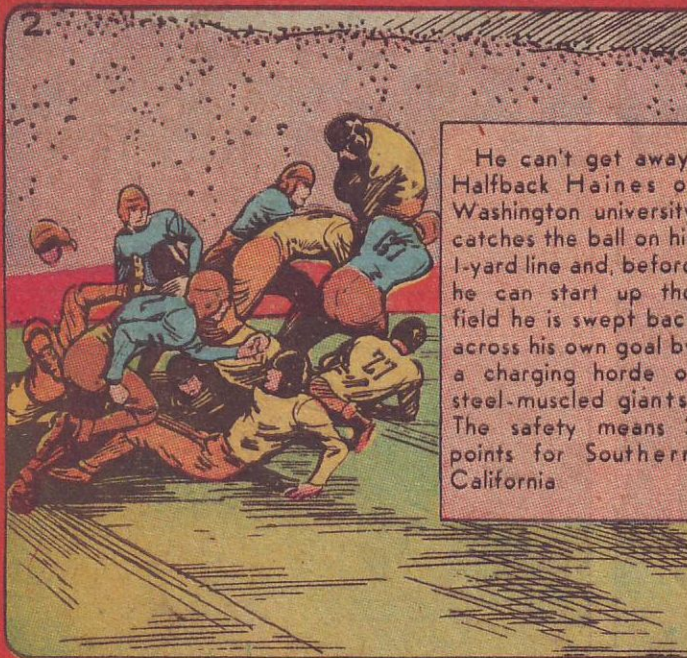


# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
The Player  
Who Scored  
All Points  
for  
Both Teams!



There is the tense stillness of these few pre-game seconds—then the referee's shrill whistle, clear and thin, breaks the silence. We watch Southern California boot the opening kick-off far down the field . . . Look! See that! He's away . . . No . . . Can he get away?

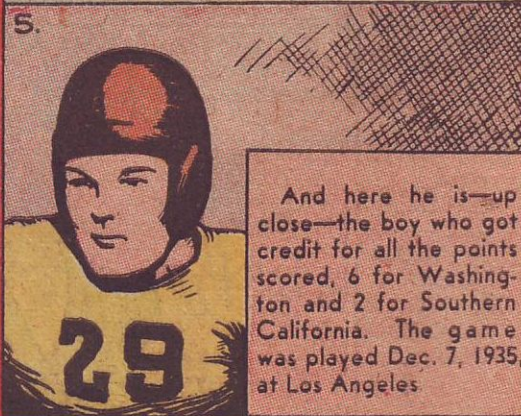
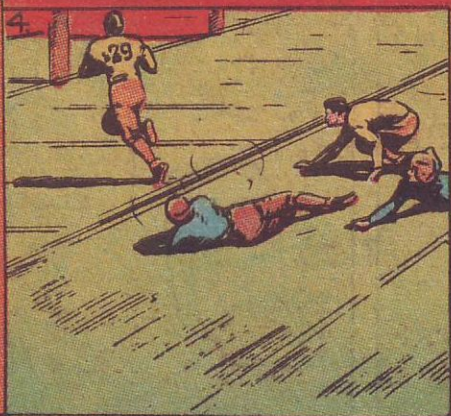


He can't get away! Halfback Haines of Washington university catches the ball on his 1-yard line and, before he can start up the field he is swept back across his own goal by a charging horde of steel-muscled giants. The safety means 2 points for Southern California



Relax now. Take it easy. The game's getting old and the only score is Haines' safety. It begins to look as if the Washington boy has won a game for the enemy . . . Watch it! That's Haines now . . . He's past the line . . . Look at that interference! It's 75 yards to Southern California's goal . . .

But what is 75 yards when you've got a real incentive to spur you on, and the ability to take you where you want to go?—Smashing, slashing, dodging and twisting, Haines fights his way over the goal line, the thought of that 2 points whipping him on to almost superhuman efforts.



And here he is—up close—the boy who got credit for all the points scored, 6 for Washington and 2 for Southern California. The game was played Dec. 7, 1935, at Los Angeles.



# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

AN "OIL COMPANY" DRILLS A WELL AT STAMFORD-- WHILE A MR. BIGGE HOLDS LAND OPTIONS

"I'LL GIVE YOU \$1,000 FOR THE OPTION I SOLD YOU!"

NOPE-- I WANT \$3,000 FOR IT JONES!

IT'S FUNNY! I'VE STRUCK OIL, AND OFFERED YOU MY BIG MONEY-- BUT I CAN'T BUY LAND!

JUST WAIT, I'LL SELL, I'LL SELL, YOU MY LEASE IF I CAN--

OIL MEN USUALLY BUY LEASES BEFORE THEY START DRILLING! HMM-- I WONDER??

WHY DON'T YOU SEE MR. BIGGE? HE HAS OPTIONS ON ALL THE FARMS!

WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?

IF THIS IS ON THE LEVEL HE'LL SEE MR. BIGGE-- WE'LL SOON KNOW!

ADVANCE ME 3,000 DOLLARS AND MY LEASE IS YOURS! IT'S TO GET BACK MY OPTION!

NO SIR! GET YOUR OPTION BACK FIRST, AND I'LL GIVE YOU \$5,000 FOR YOUR LEASE!

HE KNOWS YOU SOLD YOUR OPTION -- WHY DOESN'T HE SEE BIGGE?

THAT'S IT! -- I'M AFRAID HE WILL SEE BIGGE!

I'VE GOT TO HAVE \$3,000-- I WANT TO MORTGAGE MY FARM--

GET IN LINE! WE ALL COME FER THE SAME THING!

IT'S A CINCH, CHIEF! THESE RUBES ARE AWFUL SUCKERS!!

AND THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH US!

LENA PRY

THAT'S WHY I FETCHED IT!! I WANTA DO MY SHARE O' RIDIN' 'ROUND HERE!!

WHAT? A BUGGY DAN'L?? NOW WE CAN BOTH RIDE!!

WAL, IT'S A FLAT LAND JIGGER! ONLY TH' PARSON HAD ONE, AN' I TRADED YORE BES' HOG FER IT!

WELL-- HITCH UP AND WE'LL TRY IT!

GIT ALONG CRITTER! WHUT'S A SAKES ALIVE! HE'S BALKING!

SAY! I KNOW HOW TO STOP THAT-- I'LL BUILD A FIRE UNDER HIM!

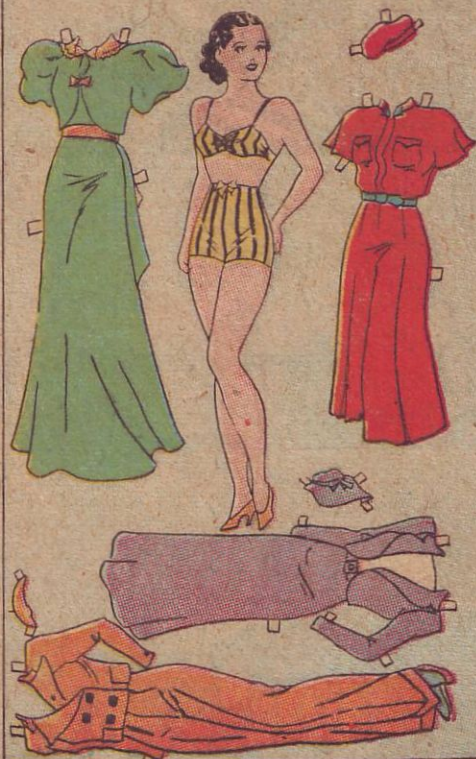
IT WORKS! HE'S MOVING!!

YORE PURTY RIGHT SOMETIMES, GAL!

OHH!! HEY! HE STOPPED THE BUGGY RIGHT OVER THE FIRE!

YOU WORRY -- IT'S YORE FIRE AN' YORE BUGGY!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE NOTIFIES THE INSPECTOR OF THE "OIL COMPANY'S" ACTIVITIES.

I GOT YOUR WIRE--WHAT'S UP?



BIGGE IS SELLING THE FARMERS BACK THEIR OPTIONS AT A HUGE PROFIT, SO THEY CAN DEAL WITH THE OIL MAN!

THERE'S NOTHING CROOKED ABOUT THAT! IT'S CROOKED IF THE OIL CROOKS ARE WORKING FOR BIGGE, AND THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!



I THINK THAT WALLY AND HIS CROWD WILL VANISH WHEN BIGGE UNLOADS HIS OPTIONS! WE MUST WORK FAST, INSPECTOR!



DOWN WITH THE DERRICK, BOYS! GOTTA BE OUTA HERE BY DAWN!



SO!-- THEY'RE RUNNING OUT, EH?

NOT SO FAST, FELLA -- THIS IS A PINCH!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME! I CAN MOVE MY RIG !!



YEAH? AFTER PROMISING TO BUY LEASES FROM THESE FARMERS? IT'S A RACKET!!



BIGGE'S SMART! HE TAKES THE MONEY--AND YOU TAKE THE RAP--BETTER TALK FAST!!



SURE--BIGGE IS WITHIN THE LAW AS LONG AS YOU KEEP STILL --YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC!



OKAY!-- I'LL TALK--WHAT D'YOU WANT TO KNOW?



\$5000 IS RIGHT! HERE'S YOUR OPTION!!



THAT'S ALL BIGGE, THE LAW WANTS YOU NOW!



B-BUT, YOU CAN'T !!



OH YES I CAN! WALLY TALKED--WE GOT'CHA!



WHEN HE'S CONVICTED YOUR MONEY WILL BE RETURNED

LENA PRY HOWDY REB-- C'MON SET A SPELL!



WE COME T'FETCH YA WORD 'BOUT THE SOCIABLE DAN'L!



THAT'S GONNA BE A SHINDIG AT TH' MEETIN' HOUSE!



OHH-- A PARTY ?



BUT TH' PARSON CALLS IT A BENEFIT !!



BENNY FIT? NEVER HEERED OF HIM!! IT'S NOT A MAN--IT'S A PARTY



FUNNY NAME FER A PARTY SEZ I



HUSH YOZE CLAPPERCLAW, REB PERKISER!

WHY, A BENEFIT IS FOR SOME-- BODY CHOLERA SUFFERERS!!



SURE! THIS'S FER TH' CHOLERA



LOTS A CHOLERY AROUN' NOW TOO!



WHAT?? A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC? WE MUST ALL BE CAREFUL!!



NOW, AIN'T THAT SILLY? WHEN WE ALWEEZ SHOOT THEM AS GITS IT!!



SURE! WE KNOWS HOW T'HANDLE HOG CHOLERA



YEAH!-- HOGS IS HOGS!



LAND SAKES!! HOG CHOLERA!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE, THIS POSTER SIGNED BY THE CHICAGO POLICE OFFERS \$5,000 FOR THIS GAL! BUT CHICAGO HASN'T ANY RECORD OF IT!



LET ME SEE IT?

A PRINTER BROUGHT IT IN, SAID A DETECTIVE DRIVING A LUXOR TWELVE TOLD HIM TO PRINT IT!!



REWARD!

DETECTIVES DON'T DRIVE \$5,000 CARS!

I'LL SEE IF ANYONE FROM ILLINOIS HAS BEEN IN THE LUXOR AGENCY.



--IT LISTS THE CAR AND LICENSE ON THE POSTER--



AND THE CAR WILL BE READY TOMORROW?



WHY, THAT'S THE GIRL WHO'S PICTURE IS ON THE POSTER!!



YES!



IS HE LOOKING FOR THAT WOMAN TOO?



WAS IT THIS DAME?



-AND IF I HAVE HER ARRESTED I GET \$5,000?

SURE--I'M AFTER HER--NOT THE REWARD!! I'M AN OFFICER, AN' CAN'T TAKE REWARDS!!



\$5,000 REWARD, BUT THE POLICE DON'T WANT HER! I WONDER WHO HE IS?



HMM--I CAN TELL MY OWN BOX--I DON'T NEED TO PUT MY NAME INSIDE!

LENA PRY

--AN' TH' MAN BUYIN' YER BOX IS YER PARTNER!



SHE'S AWFUL IGGER-UNT! I GUESS SOME FOLKS DON'T HAVE PARTIES!



EV'RYBODY KNOWS HER BOX BY THE RIBBON!

YOUNG FOLKS GIT SO EXCITED WITH MEN BIDDIN' ON THEIR BOXES!



SHE'S TH' PURTIEST! GOT THING AN' EVER DID SEE!!

A RED RIBBON ON 'ER BOX TOO!



HMPF! I BET I CAN FRY A CHICKEN AS TASTY AS SHE CAN!

YES--BUT TH' MEN LIKE THOSE WHAT HAS PEACH BLOSSOM CHEEKS!



(WELL, I WON'T TAKE A BACK SEAT--I'LL CHANGE THIS RIBBON TO MY BOX!!)

BIG HAWK COLLEGE BENEFIT

CONTINUED

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

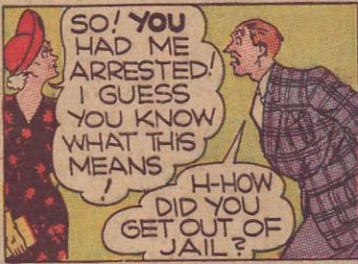




# JANE ARDEN

by Minnie Barrett and Russell E. Ross

AS JANE WATCHES THE GIRL WHO IS PICTURED ON THE FAKE POSTER



## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



Jane Arden is continued in the February issue--on sale December 30th.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX



A SHORT TRIP TO THE GRAVE...  
CAR LINE NO. 27, of the  
East Bay Transit Co, Oakland, Cal.,  
IS ONLY ONE BLOCK LONG...  
IT SERVES A CEMETERY

THE QUEEN IS  
THE ONLY BEE  
THAT CAN STING  
WITHOUT FLIRTING  
WITH DEATH...



HER UNBARBED STINGER IS EASILY  
WITHDRAWN, BUT WORKER BEES' BARBED  
STINGERS USUALLY TEAR AWAY, KILLING  
THE OWNER...

THE SPHINX OF COLORADO -  
a natural rock formation  
near Denver...



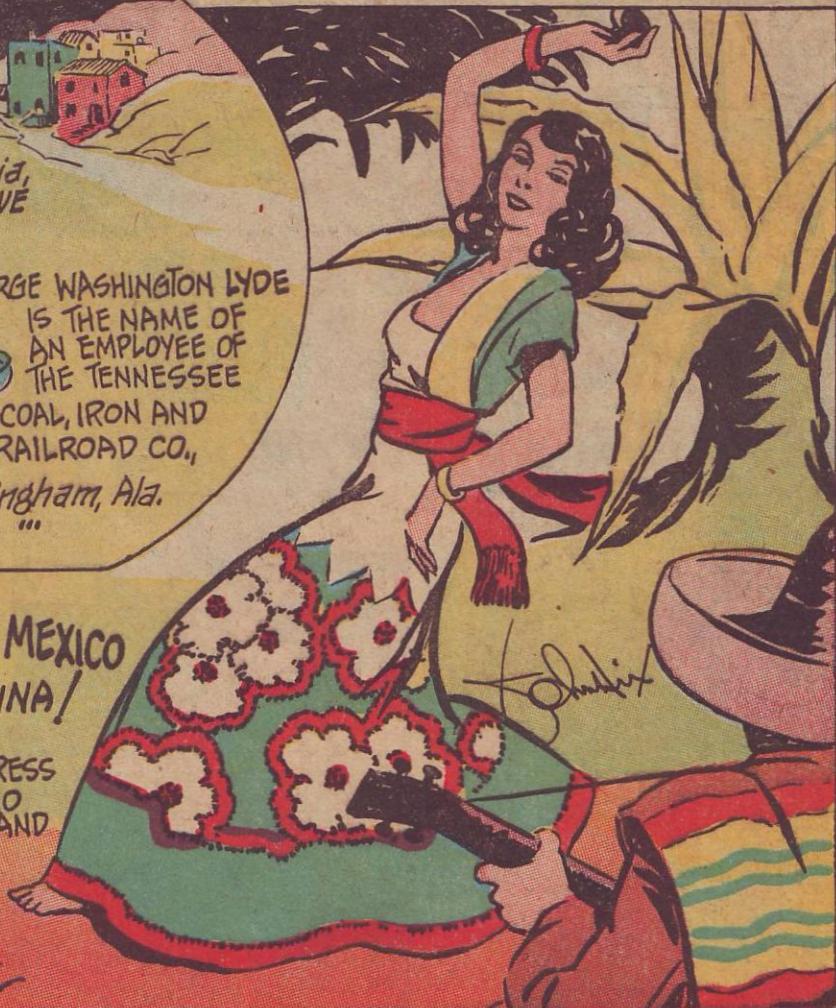
THE WORLD'S  
HIGHEST CAPITAL -  
LA PAZ, Capital of Bolivia,  
IS OVER TWO MILES ABOVE  
SEA LEVEL...



GEORGE WASHINGTON LYDE  
IS THE NAME OF  
AN EMPLOYEE OF  
THE TENNESSEE  
COAL, IRON AND  
RAILROAD CO.,  
Birmingham, Ala.

THE  
NATIONAL COSTUME OF MEXICO  
ORIGINATED IN CHINA!

IT WAS COPIED FROM THE DRESS  
OF A CHINESE PRINCESS WHO  
WAS CAPTURED BY PIRATES AND  
TAKEN TO MEXICO IN THE  
LATE 17TH CENTURY





# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX

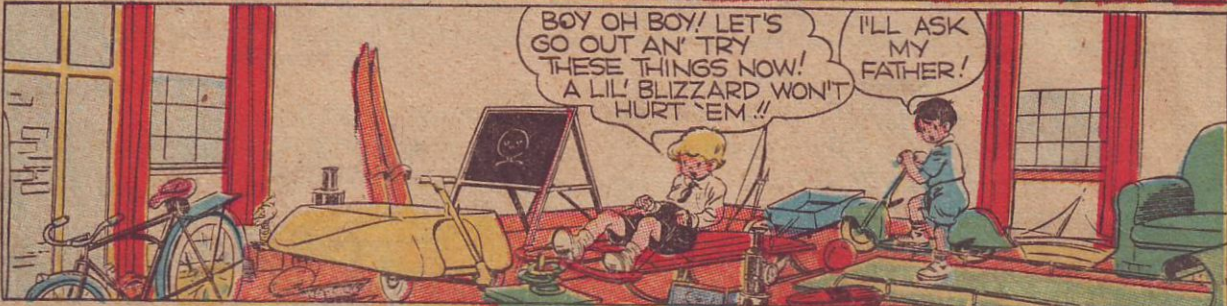
OH BOY!  
YOUR DAD  
CERTN'Y  
TREATED YOU  
SWELL 'THIS  
CHRISTMAS!!

YEAH! BUT I  
BEHAVED  
PRETTY GOOD  
ALL YEAR  
TOO!!



BOY OH BOY! LET'S  
GO OUT AN' TRY  
THESE THINGS NOW!  
A LIL' BLIZZARD WON'T  
HURT 'EM!!

I'LL ASK  
MY  
FATHER!



PAPA-CAN I  
GO OUT WITH  
FOGGY? WE--

NO!! YOU  
CAN'T GO  
OUT IN THIS  
BLIZZARD!

WELL, THAT'S THE THANKS  
I GET FROM PAPA!!

--HE DON'T SHOW MUCH  
APPRECIATION FOR THE NICE  
HANDKERCHIEF  
I GAVE HIM!



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# FLOSSIE

by  
AL ZÈRE

IT WAS A GOOD  
CHRISTMAS, BUT  
I'M GLAD IT'S  
OVER!

OH! BUT A  
NEW YEAR IS  
COMIN'  
NOW TOO!



HEY! YOU PROCEEDS  
CRAZY?



HEY!



SAY-WHAT'S  
TH' BIG IDEA,  
FLOSSIE?



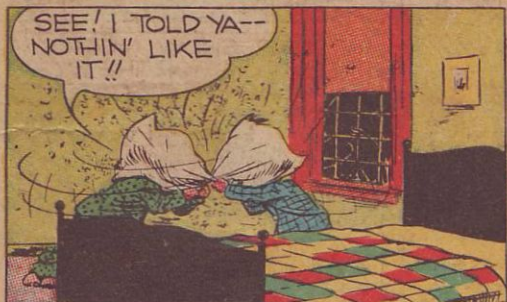
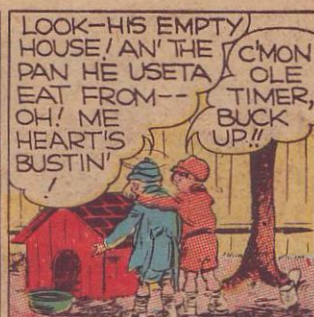
WELL, I WAS GOOD FOR A WEEK  
BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AN' I HAVE  
ONLY **THIS** WEEK  
BEFORE TH' NEW  
RESOLU-  
TIONS!!

AL ZÈRE



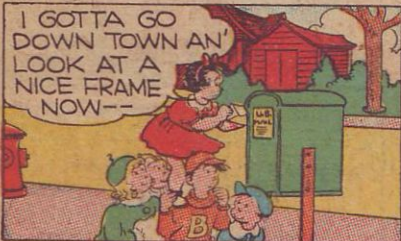
# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



# FLOSSIE

by  
AL ZERE



More of Toddy and Flossie in the February issue--on sale December 30th.



# ESPIONAGE

A Complete 'Black X' Story  
By *Will Crown*



MEN OF THE "PURPLE HOODS"—  
IN TWO DAYS WE MAKE OUR FIRST  
THRUST IN UNDERMINING THE MORALE  
OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY! IT'S THE  
BIG CHANCE OUR FOREIGN EMPLOYERS  
HAVE WAITED FOR! AS THE 71ST  
REGIMENT MARCHES OVER THAT  
STRETCH OF ROAD BETWEEN MADDEN-  
VILLE AND BOONTOWN IN TWO DAYS  
A MIGHTY BLAST WILL BLOW MANY  
OF THEM TO KINGDOM COME!



I ESTIMATE AT LEAST 500 SOLDIERS WILL BE SLAIN  
OUTRIGHT--- THE GENERAL STAFF WILL BE THROWN  
INTO A TUMULT -- THERE WILL BE AN INVESTIGATION  
AND SO FORTH! OUR COUNTRY WILL PAY  
US HANDSOMELY FOR OUR SERVICES.



THE MEETING IS ADJOURNED AND THE  
LEADER ACCOMPANIES THE HOODED MEN  
OUT....  
OLAV, OUR AGENT, IS  
WORKING WITH THE  
CONSTRUCTION GANG ON  
MADDEN ROAD-- MADAME  
L' DARGE WILL CONTACT  
YOU-- GOOD  
NIGHT



SOON THREE CARS SPEED ON THEIR  
SEPERATE WAYS.....



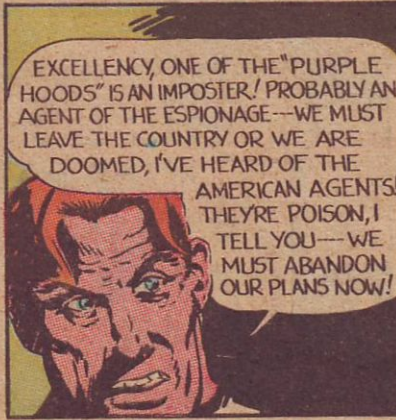
BACK AT THE HEADQUARTERS, THE LEAD-  
ER OF THE 'PURPLE HOOD' PREPARES TO  
RETIRE....



SUDDENLY A GROAN CALLS HIS ATTENTION  
TO A CRUMPLED FIGURE IN THE HALLWAY.



SOMEONE HIT ME FROM  
BEHIND --- TOOK MY  
MASK! --- OOOH, MY  
HEAD!



EXCELLENCY, ONE OF THE "PURPLE  
HOODS" IS AN IMPOSTER! PROBABLY AN  
AGENT OF THE ESPIONAGE-- WE MUST  
LEAVE THE COUNTRY OR WE ARE  
DOOMED, I'VE HEARD OF THE  
AMERICAN AGENTS!  
THEY'RE POISON, I  
TELL YOU-- WE  
MUST ABANDON  
OUR PLANS NOW!



WE WILL LEAVE, BUT I WILL GET THIS  
IMPOSTER FIRST! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH--  
I HAVE A DEFINITE PLAN-- WE WON'T  
LEAVE UNTIL  
THIS MAN IS  
OUT OF  
THE WAY!



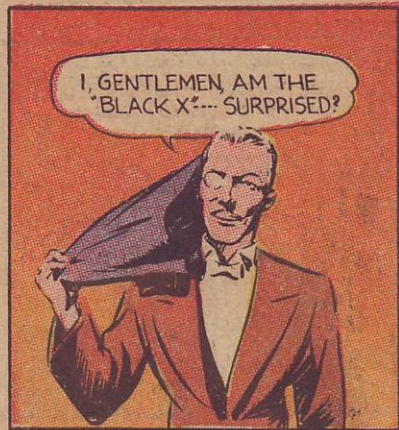






GENTLEMEN, ONE OF YOU IS AN IMPOSTER--- THE HOUSE IS LOCKED AND NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL I KNOW WHO THE "BLACK X" IS!

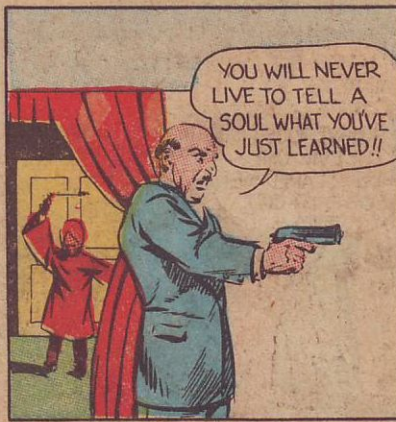
THAT SEEMS THE LOGICAL THING TO DO--



I, GENTLEMEN, AM THE "BLACK X"--- SURPRISED?



AND I WILL UNMASK THESE TWO---  
AHH! MORGAN OF THE ARMY, AND  
WILLARD OF THE SENATE!



YOU WILL NEVER  
LIVE TO TELL A  
SOUL WHAT YOU'VE  
JUST LEARNED!!



MORGAN FIRES, BUT HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED-- HE DROPS WITH A KNIFE IN HIS ARM.....



THANKS, BATU--- COME NOW, GENTLEMEN,  
THE GAMES UP! MADAME L'DARGE IS  
IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE--YOUR  
LITTLE SCHEME IS ENDED!



NOT QUITE, MY MONOCLED FRIEND,  
NOT QUITE!!



THERE, MY FRIENDS! BE  
PREPARED TO MEET YOUR  
MAKER-- YOU SEE, THIS LEADS  
TO THE RIVER, WHEN THE  
TIDE COMES IN YOU'LL  
DROWN LIKE RATS!



WHEW! NICE  
THOUGHT--WE  
STAND HERE  
HELPLESS--  
WHILE THEY  
ESCAPE!

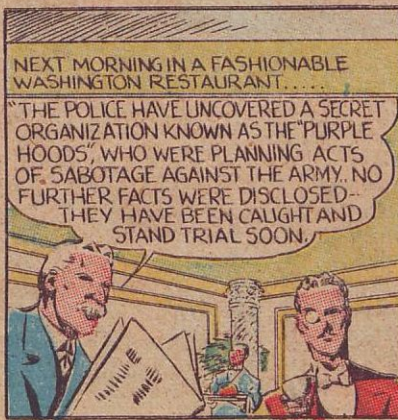
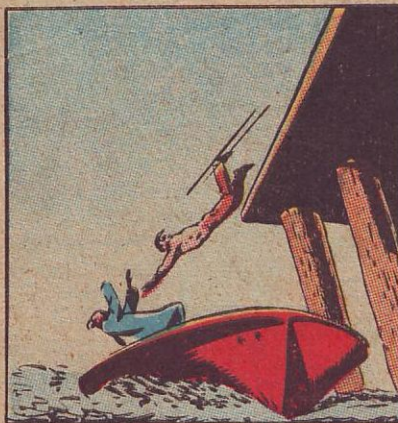
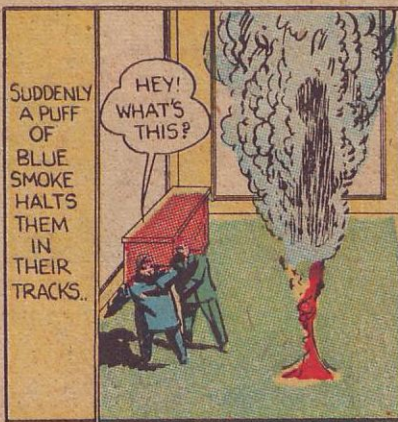
PERHAPS, MASTER,  
AIDED BY THE POWERS  
OF THE EAST-- I CAN  
STOP THEM!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE ABOVE THEM.

HURRY, MAN! I HAVE A SPEED-  
BOAT WAITING AT THE DOCK!







# LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HEY YOU! GET UP AN' LET THIS KID SIT DOWN!!



I'VE GOT TO STOP AT THE TAILOR'S AN' GET MY DRESS SUIT FOR SIR ERIC'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY TONIGHT--



HOWDY, VINCENT! YOU GOTTA STOP AN' CHAT AWHILE NOW-- STOP SEEIN' IT'S NEW YEARS



VINCE, I ALWAYS SAID THAT THERE'S NOBODY LIKE YA!!



YOU'RE HERE AT LAST!! QUICK, GET YOUR DRESS CLOTHES ON RIGHT AWAY!!



I'LL PUT IT ON IN THE SHOP! THE SHOP! ON THE WAY.



HOW ARE YOU DOING, VINCENT?



BUT OFFICER-- MY BROTHER FORGOT TO CALL FOR--



SIR ERIC, LALA PALOOZA PHONED, SHE'S DETAINED AT 240 CENTER STREET--



GOOD! THIS PARTY'S A FLOP HERE-- WE'LL ALL GO OVER THERE

MERCY! HERE COMES SIR ERIC AND HIS GUESTS, OH-- WE'RE DISGRACED!!



I HAVEN'T HAD SUCH FUN SINCE THE KING'S CORONATION!!



VINCENT, YOU SAVED THE PARTY!!





# LALA PALOOZA

By RUBE  
GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HELLO VINCENT--WHY  
THE EARMUFFS, SMOKED  
GLASSES AND THE  
CLOTHESPIN?

OH, MY WILL  
POWER NEEDS  
A BIT OF  
SUPPORT TO  
HELP ME KEEP  
MY NEW  
YEAR'S  
RESOLUTIONS  
!!

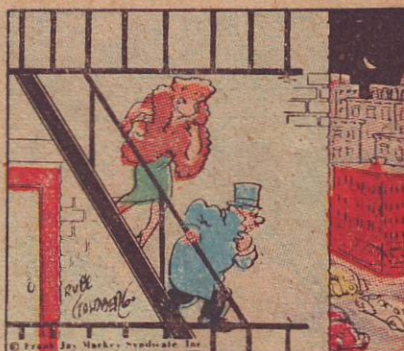
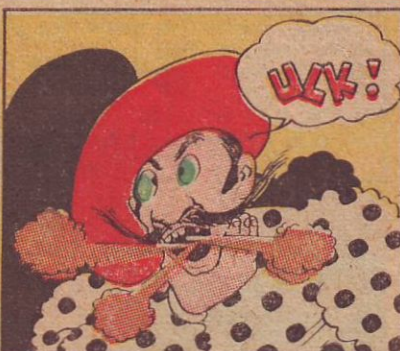
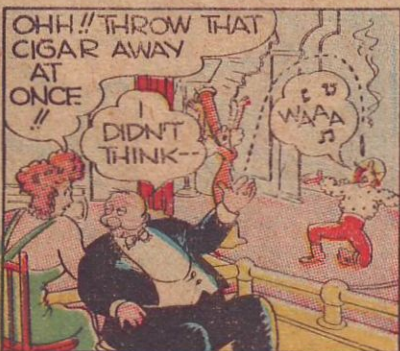
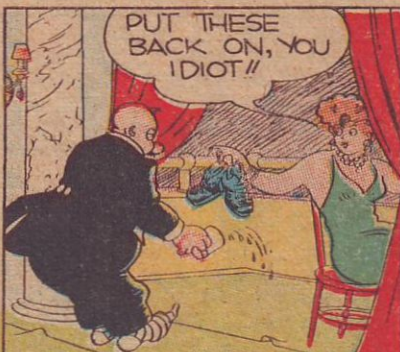
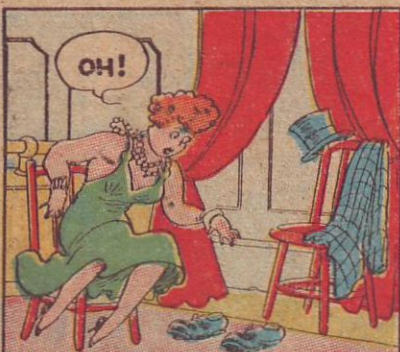
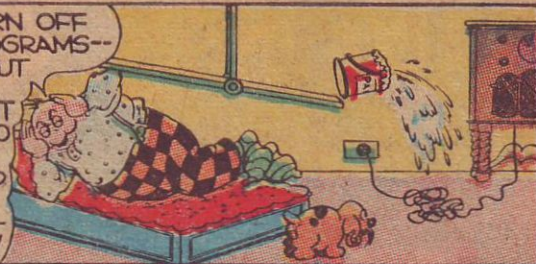




# PA LALA PALOOZA

by **RUFE GOLDBERG**  
Registered U. S. Patent Office

THIS IS HOW TO TURN OFF OPERATIC RADIO PROGRAMS-- AS OPERA STARTS I PUT HANDS TO EARS--- SPILLING WHITE PAINT ON TANGLED RADIO WIRE-- SPAGHETTI HOUND IS FOOLED AND EATS WIRE FOR SPAGHETTI-- THIS STOPS RADIO!

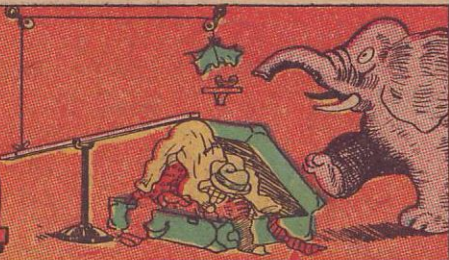




# Lala Palooza

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office



VINCENT'S WAY OF CLOSING AN OVERFLOWING BAG. PILE OF CLOTHES TOUCHES BEAM, EXPOSING A PEANUT---THE ELEPHANT GETTING PEANUT STEPS ON BAG CLOSING IT!!



HERE ARE YOUR TICKETS MADAM--THE BOAT SAILS AT FIVE O'CLOCK.



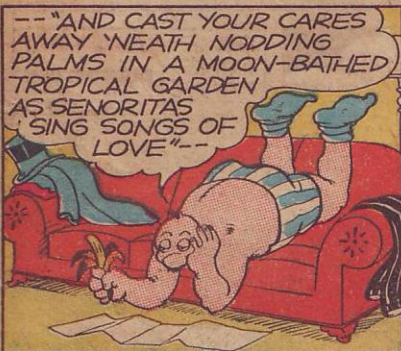
VINCENT, WE MUST HURRY HOME AND PACK--TAKE CARE OF THESE TICKETS!

OKAY LALA--I'LL PUT EM IN MY INSIDE POCKET TO BE SAFE!



VINCENT, WEAR YOUR CUTAWAY AND STRIPED TROUSERS--THE SWIVELS WILL BE ON BOARD!

OKAY SIS!



--"AND CAST YOUR CARES AWAY NEATH NODDING PALMS IN A MOON-BATHED TROPICAL GARDEN AS SENORITAS SING SONGS OF LOVE"--



VINCENT, STOP THAT NONSENSE AND GET DRESSED! I MUST GET THOSE TRUNKS OFF!!

LA CUCARACHA



YOU KIN PICK THESE UP ON THE DOCK, LADY!

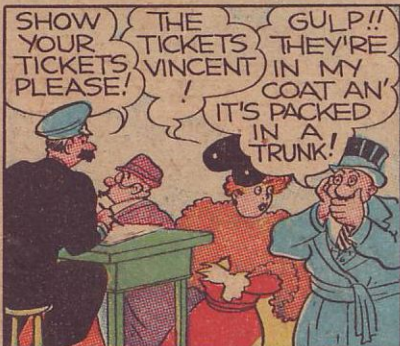
FINE!! THERE'S TWELVE IN ALL!

D'YOU THINK THOSE SPANISH GALS WILL LIKE ME?



HURRY VINCENT, I HEAR THE BOAT'S WHISTLE !!

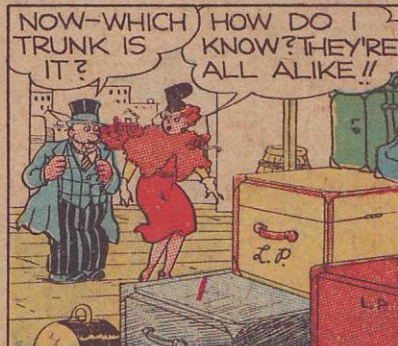
KEEP THE CHANGE, BUDDY!!



SHOW YOUR TICKETS PLEASE!

THE TICKETS VINCENT! IN MY COAT AN' IT'S PACKED IN A TRUNK!

GULP!! THEY'RE IN MY COAT AN' IT'S PACKED IN A TRUNK!



NOW--WHICH TRUNK IS IT?

HOW DO I KNOW? THEY'RE ALL ALIKE!!



OH DEAR! MY LOVELY THINGS THROWN AROUND THIS DIRTY OLD DOCK!

SIS, AFTER THIS LET'S TRAVEL WITH ONE SUITCASE!!



WOW! I GOT 'EM SIS!!

LOOK--THE BOAT'S LEFT!



HURRY! THE SHIP IS WAY DOWN THE BAY!

IT'S A FINE TIME T'LEARN YA CAN'T START THAT COFFEE GRINDER!!



THE TRIAL OF BENTON, SLIM AND TUBBY RACES ALONG AT EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED--

YOUR HONOR, VERY WELL. WE'VE PROVED OUR CASE--- THE STATE RESTS



THE JUDGE NOW CALLS FOR THE FIRST WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE---

I REGRET THAT THE DEFENSE HAS NO WITNESS, YOUR HONOR!



JUST A MINUTE! I'VE SEEN THIS JELLY-FISH TATE SQUIRMIN' AWAY FROM THE FIGHT LONG ENOUGH! I WANT TO SPEAK HERE!!



MR. BENTON, THIS IS UNUSUAL! YOU HAVE A LAWYER HERE AND--- NO! TATE HAS FUMBLERD OUR CASE FROM THE START!



THAT FOOL SAYS WE HAVE NO WITNESS AND NO DEFENSE!! WELL, I'M NOT BEING SENT TO JAIL THAT EASY!!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME AS A WITNESS? ALL RIGHT, MR. BENTON -- YOU MAY PROCEED!!



CAN BENTON HELP HIS CASE?

WELL, WE'VE BEEN RANCHERS HERE FOR YEARS AN' HIGHLY RESPECTED! NOBODY HAS EVER ACCUSED US OF DISHONESTY



--THAT MAN WHO SAYS HE SAW US IS PLENTY WRONG -- WE WERE MILES AWAY -- NEARLY HOME, WHEN THE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE!!



--THEY DIDN'T FIND OUR FINGERPRINTS AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE-- WHERE'S THE MONEY?? AND WHO WROTE US TELLIN' US TO BE THERE THAT NIGHT?



YOUR HONOR AN' GENTLEMEN--- YOU'VE HEARD THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT MAN--- THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY! HAVE YOU FINISHED, MR. BENTON?



NOW, WE'LL HEAR THE FINAL ARGUMENTS AND THEN GIVE THE CASE TO THE JURY---



BENTON, YOU WERE TERRIFIC!! NOW WE HAVE A CHANCE!



OH-I DON'T GET MUCH HOPE WHEN I LOOK AT THAT JURY!!

THE PROSECUTOR GIVES HIS FINAL ARGUMENT---

-- IF WE'RE GOING TO STAMP OUT CRIME WE MUST SEND THESE OUTLAWS TO PRISON! JURY, IT'S UP TO YOU!



THE JUDGE GIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS---

AND MAKE YOUR DECISION ON THE MAIN ISSUE ALONE--- YOUR PURPOSE IS JUSTICE!



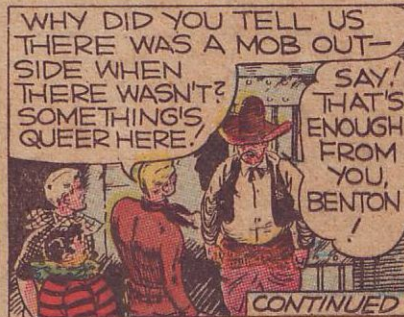
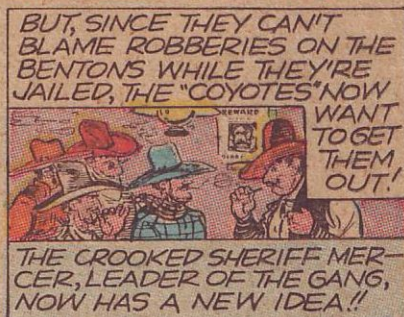
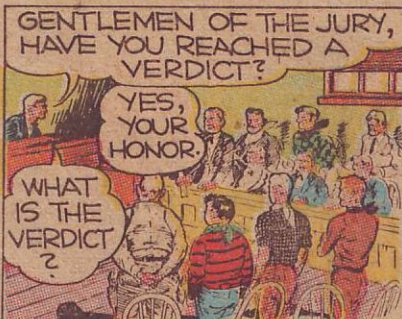
THE JURY RETIRES FOR "DELIBERATION!"

GENTS-- I THINK WE SHOULD PLAY A BIT OF POKER BEFORE WE TAKE BACK OUR "GUILTY" VERDICT!!



YEAH! JUST T'MAKE IT LOOK ALL RIGHT!!







# CLIP CHANCE

at



SCOTT  
HERIDAN

I'M TELLIN' YA RED, WE CAN  
CLEAN UP ON THIS GAME IF  
WE WORK IT  
RIGHT -

HOW?

THE EAST TEAM IS 7 TO 5 TO BEAT  
TH' WEST -- WE BET ALL TH' DOUGH  
WE CAN GET ON TH' WEST TEAM TO  
WIN --

YOU'RE NUTS,  
COUNT ME  
OUT -

LISTEN - I GOT A PLAN ---  
WITH CHANCE OUTA TH' GAME,  
THIS GUY  
BERT BALL  
CAN'T GET  
STARTED -  
GET IT?

YOU MEAN --  
BUMP CHANCE  
OFF --

NO, YA DOPE -  
I MEAN KIDNAP  
HIM AN' HOLD HIM  
'TILL AFTER TH'  
GAME -

GEE BUGS, THAT IS AN IDEA --  
HOW'RE YOU GONNA WORK  
IT -

EASY -

- EVERY NIGHT HE TAKES A  
WALK BEFORE GOIN' TO BED, SO  
TONIGHT WE'LL LAY FOR HIM,  
KNOCK HIM OUT AN'  
DRIVE HIM OUT  
TO TH' SHACK! -

THEN WE'LL  
TURN HIM  
LOOSE AFTER  
THE GAME -  
SIMPLE, EH!

AN' HOW! -- I'M GONNA  
GO DOWN AN' GET A  
LOAN OUT ON TH'  
CAR, SO WE CAN  
BET THAT MUCH  
MORE -



LATER THAT NIGHT

ARE YA SURE HE COMES THIS WAY, BUGS?

SURE-I WATCHED HIM EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK---

HIM AN' BALL PASS HERE ON TH' WAY BACK TO TH' HOTEL-

YOU MEAN ANOTHER GUY IS GONNA BE WITH HIM?

'YEAH, BUT WE'LL TAP HIM ON TH' CONK AN LET HIM LAY--

BUGS, I THINK WE BITT OFF MORE THAN WE CAN 'CHEW-HANDLIN' TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS AIN'T GONNA BE NO PICNIC-

SHHHH--SOMEONE'S COMIN'--IT'S CHANCE, --AN' HE'S ALONE--

GOOD-ARE, YA READY!

AND THE TWO GAMBLERS ARE ON CLIP LIKE A FLASH

WHAT TH'!!-

HOLD HIM, RED!

CLIP BREAKS AWAY AND LANDS A LEFT SQUARE ON BUGS JAW

UGH! RED!-- CRACK 'IM--

CRACK

HE'S OUT COLD, RED - GRAB HIS FEET AN' WE'LL PUT HIM IN TH' CAR--



C'MON RED, WE'LL GO DOWNTOWN AN' PUT OUR DOUGH ON TH' WEST TEAM-

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT CHANCE AN' SEE IF HE'S STILL TIED UP TIGHT-

DON'T GO IN THERE YA FOOL--- HE AINT SEEN OUR FACES YET -- WHAT D'VA WANT HIM T'DO- GIVE A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF US TO TH' POLICE --- C'MON--

AND CLIP, BOUND TO AN OLD STEAM PIPE, STRUGGLES IN VAIN TO BREAK HIS BONDS-

IT'S NO USE-

ALL EAST

--I'LL NEVER BREAK THESE ROPES -- WHAT'S THIS ?? -- RUST FROM THE PIPE -- MAYBE IT'LL WORK-

ALL EAST

CLIP STARTS TO WORK THE ROPES VIGOROUSLY UP AND DOWN THE ROUGH, RUSTY PIPE-

MEAN- WHILE, BACK IN THE HOTEL, BERT BALL REPORTS CLIPS ABSENCE TO TAD HOLT, COACH OF THE ALL EAST TEAM-

-IT'S NOT LIKE CLIP TO STAY OUT ALL NIGHT, COACH?

I KNOW IT, BERT -- HE'S PROBABLY A VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY --

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO STAND AROUND IDLE, I'M GOING OUT AND LOOK FOR HIM-

YOU'RE STAYING HERE, THE GAME IS ONLY TWO HOURS OFF AND THE TEAM IS WEAK ENOUGH WITHOUT LOSING YOU--I'LL CALL THE POLICE-

WHAT DID THEY SAY, COACH?

THEY'RE PUTTING MEN ON IT RIGHT AWAY---- BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'LL FIND CLIP IN TIME FOR THE GAME -



TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE EAST WEST GAME IS TO BEGIN COACH HOLT GIVES HIS TEAM FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

OKAY FELLOWS, GO OUT THERE AND FIGHT EVERY SECOND - AND YOU JENSON, ARE TAKING CLIP'S PLACE, THAT'S A BIG ORDER TO FILL, DO YOUR BEST--



AND JUST AS THE BIG GAME STARTS, CLIP FREES HIMSELF

NOW, IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE I WAS--



OUTSIDE HE FLAGS THE FIRST CAR THAT PASSES BY-

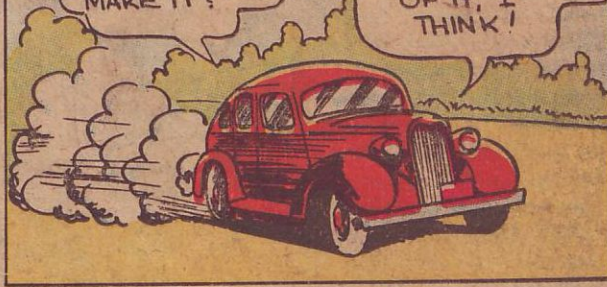
HOW FAR IS IT TO THE FRUIT BOWL, WHERE THE EAST AND WEST ARE PLAYING, MISTER?

ABOUT 45 MINUTES RIDE, SON, WHY?



I'M SUPPOSED TO PLAY IN THAT GAME, DO YOU THINK WE CAN MAKE IT?

WITH A LITTLE LUCK YOU'LL MAKE PART OF IT, I THINK!



AND TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE GAME IS OVER, CLIP REPORTS TO COACH HOLT-

CLIP!-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER, WHAT'S THE SCORE?



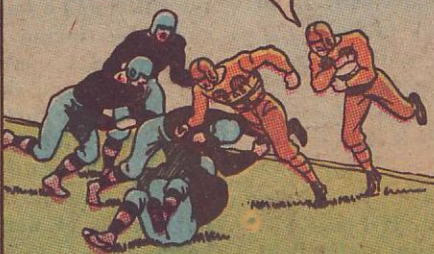
NOTHING, NOTHING, BERT CAN'T GET GOING - CAN YOU GO IN FOR THE LAST PLAY?

TRY AND STOP ME, COACH!



BERT GETS THE BALL FROM CENTER AND WITH CLIP RUNNING INTERFERENCE THEY START DOWN THE FIELD-

THAT'S THE STUFF WE NEEDED ALL ALONG, CLIP--



AND AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS, BERT CROSSES THE LINE FOR THE ONLY TOUCHDOWN OF THE GAME-

EAST-6  
WEST-0





# THE BARBARIAN . . . by Robert M. Hyatt

## *a tale of Sybaris and Macedon in the year 507.*

"O friend, Lyceus will order thee to be thrown to the serpents—it is the death he prescribes for spies of Pythagoras. But fear not, nor lose hope. Kalvah has a plan. I have not the keys of the cells, but tonight Kalvah will undertake to release thee. Listen!" Melos cupped a hand to one ear. "'Tis the guard! I must go! Be of good cheer, friend!"

Melos was gone, then, like a fleeting shadow.

Dancing light drew near and a babel of voices, angry voices. There was a clank of armour and several agitated guards halted in front of the cell door.

"Where is he? Which way did he go?" they demanded. "Speak, wretch, and spare thyself the torture of a lost soul!"

The Macedonian, not knowing, said so.

"So the brave Kalvah is going to release thee tonight, eh?" sneered one of the guards. "Won't Lyceus be happy to hear that! Hast ever been held over red-hot stones—felt thy hair burn off first—then the skin sizzle and turn crisp? Ho-ho!"

Konar clung to the bars and a great dizziness seized him. They had overheard, by some trick, all that Melos and he had said. Now indeed his fate was dark. As the footsteps of the guards diminished down the gloomy tunnel, a horrible thought assailed Konar—was Melos a spy of Lyceus, after all?

The next hours were the worst Konar had ever spent. With his head whirling, he stumbled across his small cell, and not far from the opposite wall tripped and sprawled on the floor. His toe had caught in something that rattled with a ghastly sound. He reached out and touched—bones! Shuddering, he felt along the skeleton arm, his fingers at last touching a cold iron band attached to a chain. Some poor soul had died here. Well, this might well be his fate! But no; it would be worse than this!

He got to his feet and squared his shoulders. He was Konar, the son of Petrak, was he not? He was a Macedonian! He would die like a man, if the gods decreed. Like his own father would die when his time came!

But with this resolution, came another thought: He would not die! He would win out yet, save his father, take him back to Macedonia, to the green hills and the beloved city of his birth . . .

A sound startled him. It was a dull throbbing. It seemed to come from under his cell. He put his ear to the cold stones. *Thud-Thud*. He could feel the stones vibrate.

Joy such as he had never known surged through Konar. Rescue! Kalvah had come. He was digging under his cell. Apollo be praised! Apollo, god of the Sun, had not turned away . . .

A half hour passed. The thudding grew nearer, closer to the floor. Konar sat there, praying that some passing guard would not hear. Once one clanked along the corridor and paused to peer inside the cell. He grunted and passed on. And Konar gave fervent thanks that the thudding had miraculously ceased until the guard had disappeared.

After a moment he heard the tap of metal on stone. *Tap-tap-tap*. Then, a few inches further on, *tap-tap-tap*. Was it a signal? Konar tapped with a link of the chain that shackled the skeleton. The tap was repeated. Then he knew.

Suddenly he felt the stone under him tremble, lift a fraction of an inch. He slid off it, breathless with excitement. It lifted further, and he could see a crack of light.

"Hist, Konar!" came the sibilant whisper. Konar answered guardedly. "Then give a hand to this slab. We'll have thee out of there . . . Heave!"

Konar clutched the heavy stone and drew mightily. It raised. A rush of air came up. The light

went out below. Then a huge form clambered into the cell. It was Kalvah. In the wan glow from the passage Konar could see his red beard flaring.

"Quick! Down with thee!"

Konar had hardly put his feet into the hole when there was a sneering laugh from the cell door. Then a sharp command rang out. Instantly a rush of feet pounded along the outer corridor.

Red Beard gave Konar a great shove and almost trampled upon him as he plunged into the darkness of the subterranean hole, and let the stone fall back.

"Make haste, friend!" cried Kalvah. "They'll turn the waters on us and we'll drown like rats!"

Konar was making haste, such as the narrowness of the tunnel permitted. Red Beard pushed against him from behind. Suddenly the big man gasped and Konar heard a sound that froze his blood. Water! A torrent of it rushing into the tunnel behind them! It roared upon them, splashed around their ankles, rose to their hips with alarming rapidity.

"By Zeus!" exclaimed Kalvah, "we're doomed unless we get out of here quickly! Breathe not, friend, for the water is poisonous."

The lethal water had reached above their thighs. It impeded their progress. Konar's head swam. Dark specks shot before his eyes. His lungs were bursting. A great roaring was in his head. He felt himself falling—falling . . .

A burning thirst was Konar's first sensation when he came out of the death-like stupor that had overcome him in the tunnel. A burning thirst and a loud ringing in his ears. The ringing gradually faded. He opened his eyes. Dark rafters were above him, and nearby a wall of rushes, like that of a poor herder's hut. On the wall above his cot, catching the guttering glow of a candle, he could see shields and implements of war. He turned his head.



"Ho, lad! Awake? Verily, thou art the heaviest sleeper in all Sybaris!"

A man of gigantic stature stood grinning down at him. White teeth gleamed and a deep chuckle caused the monstrous black beard to stir like firs in a gale.

"Who—who are thou?" Konar asked, blinking the fog out of his eyes.

"Ha!" boomed the big man. "Dost not recognize me? Then the disguise is good!" Lowering his voice, the giant went on: "I am Golah, lad—one time known as Kalvah of the Red Beard. Thou wilt note that the beard is dyed black now."

"Oh!" said Konar. "Then we escaped—"

"By a whisker of the prophet only. But look thou, Macedonian, I am as dead as if I floated in the River Crathis even now. As thou art dead also. Aye, Konar, we art both dead—to all Sybaris!"

Konar sat up, a quizzical look on his face.

"I mean," said Golah, "that we are thought to have died. We must carry on the deception if we are to rescue thy father, Petrak. I have arranged with Bal, the king's war-archon, to have charge of the Royal Stables. Thou, Konar, art my chattel. I captured thee on the plains of Asia." Kalvah, who was now Golah, grinned broadly. "Thou art a yellow boy, a barbarian—or soon wilt be—groom of the king's horse guard."

The humor of the situation struck Konar. "And what name have I, good Golah?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, we must give thee a suitable name. Let me think."

Konar said, "How about Shan-lo? That seems a fitting name for one who comes from Asia."

Golah clapped his palms together. "Shan-lo it is! And now, may the gods watch over the souls of Konar and Kalvah—"

"And give strength and good fortune to Golah and Shan-lo," Konar supplied.

Three months passed without incident. Konar, now Shan-lo, before taking up his duties as groom to the king's chargers, stained his entire body a yellowish-brown with

the oil of walnuts. His slightly slanting eyes and prominent cheek bones carried out the disguise perfectly. To the closest observer he was an Asiatic. He had developed a fair accent to complete the subterfuge.

Shan-lo's great love for horses helped him considerably in caring for the thousand magnificent steeds that comprised Lyceus' Royal Guard, backbone of his army. Arabian, nearly all of them, with the super-intelligence of the desert-bred horse, they responded nobly to his kindness. This was natural. They were accustomed to abuse and blows by their Helot slave tenders, and beatings by their masters. Shan-lo talked to them, stroked their muzzles, and gave them extra helpings of grain. And they came to love him.

One day, while practicing on his lute, which by some miracle he had retained, he bethought him of a plan. Going to the stall of a particularly spirited stallion, he played a soft note on the instrument. The big horse flattened his ears, snorted, and pawed the ground. Yes, the charger acted in the same manner as he had seen a horse do in a traveling circus years before in Phrygia.

He played a shrill note. The effect was startling. The stallion reared and plunged, neighing in a peculiar blast. Others in the long row of stalls heard the lute and re-

acted similarly. For a moment pandemonium reigned. But Shan-lo, quickly hiding his lute, went along the mangers, speaking softly to the animals. Soon they became quiet. From that experience, a great idea was born in Shan-lo's mind.

During this time, Shan-lo had only meager reports concerning his father. Golah, as second war-archon of Lyceus, had quarters in the officers' barracks, as befitting his rank. He had little opportunity of visiting his young protege. With each of his visits, however, he reported great gains in the numbers of the Noble Cult. In a few months, he told Shan-lo, they hoped to strike a crushing blow against Sybaris and overthrow the tyrannical government of Lyceus. It was their plan to put Petrak on the throne.

Shan-lo often wondered how his father felt about this idea. If only he might see his parent! But so far this was out of the question. Petrak was incarcerated in the fearful Place of the Devils, an almost impregnable cave far up in the hills above Sybaris. Here, it was said, huge serpents guarded the entrance and held frightful snake orgies in a vast pit. Here too were thrown the hapless victims convicted of being Pythagoras spies.

Continued in the February  
Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES  
on sale December 30th.





# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART  
PINAJIAN

THAT'LL BE SOME  
CEREMONY  
TONIGHT  
WON'T IT  
HANSA?

YES, JIM—  
CHIEF TOTEM  
WILL SPEAK!

SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS OF THE ROYAL  
CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE  
IS VISITING HIS FRIEND HANSA, A  
MEMBER OF THE CREE INDIAN TRIBE.

GOSH—WHAT A  
SIGHT! IT'S GREAT!

LISTEN—VOICE  
WILL SPEAK!

THAT  
NIGHT

HANSA—THERE'S  
SOMETHING FUNNY  
ABOUT THAT  
VOICE!

VOICE IS THAT OF  
MALA, SON OF GREAT  
DEPARTED CHIEF—HE  
WAS SENT TO RULE  
CREE TRIBE!

TELL ME  
SOME MORE  
ABOUT THE  
VOICE, HANSA!

AT EVERY CEREMONY VOICE  
COMMANDS BRAVES TO PAY  
TRIBUTE WITH FURS—NEXT  
DAY FURS ARE GONE! WITCH  
DOCTOR NIKATO SAY TOTEM  
SEND FURS TO DEPARTED  
CHIEF FOR USE IN HAPPY  
HUNTING GROUND!

I WONDER WHY NIKATO  
LIVES IN THIS CAVE BELOW  
THE VILLAGE—IT LOOKS  
LIKE NOBODY'S  
IN! GUESS  
I'LL LOOK  
AROUND!

BUT AS  
REYNOLDS  
ENTERS—

THE NEXT DAY REYNOLDS VISITS THE  
HOME OF NIKATO THE WITCH DOCTOR.





SO-NIKATO DOESN'T WANT VISITORS, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



GOSH-THIS PLACE IS DEEPER THAN I THOUGHT- I WONDER WHERE IT LEADS TO! SAY--WHAT'S THAT? STEPS-LEADING UP TO A DOOR!

HIDING THE UNCONSCIOUS INDIAN BEHIND THE TOTEM POLE, REYNOLDS GOES DEEPER INTO THE CAVE....



HM-M-A NICELY DECORATED ROOM-MUST BE NIKATO'S! WHAT'S THAT ON THE BED OVER THERE?



WHO IS IT? OH-IT'S ONLY... HEY-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE-YOU CAN'T COME....

GREAT SCOTT- IT'S A WHITE BOY! TAKE IT EASY SON I'M A FRIEND!



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, SON- WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

NIKATO AND JAKE HAVE TOLD ME NOT TO SPEAK WITH ANYONE! IF THEY FIND YOU HERE THEY'LL KILL YOU- BUT I HATE THEM- WILL YOU HELP ME??



OF COURSE I WILL- THAT IS IF YOU'LL HELP ME TOO. I CAME TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE VOICE!

I'M THE VOICE! NIKATO MAKES ME SPEAK IN THE BIG TOTEM POLE AT EVERY CEREMONY! THE INDIANS THINK I'M THE SON OF THEIR DEAD CHIEF!



WHAT'S THAT?

LISTEN-FOOTSTEPS! QUICK-HIDE BEHIND THAT CURTAIN! I'LL GET BACK IN BED AND PRETEND I'M ASLEEP!



NIKATO, YOU KNOW I HAVE A LARGE GAMBLING DEBT TO PAY UP- WE'VE GOT TO GET MORE FURS- TONIGHT THE VOICE MUST SPEAK AGAIN!

NO, JAKE- BRAVES WILL SUSPECT TRICK! WE MUST WAIT ONE MONTH!

AS REYNOLDS HIDES, TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM.



THE KID'S ASLEEP, EH? GOOD - I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A SECRET, NIKATO. YEARS AGO I WAS PROSPECTING WITH JOHN BRADFORD - HE STRUCK IT RICH - I DIDN'T - IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY I SEIZED HIS SON BILLY AND RAN AWAY! BRADFORD IS VERY WEALTHY NOW AND IS STILL LOOKING FOR HIS SON - HA - WHAT A REVENGE!



WHEN WE CAME HERE YOU MADE THE TRIBE BELIEVE BILLY'S VOICE WAS THAT OF MALA, YOUR DEAD CHIEF'S SON - SO FAR WE'VE BEEN SPLITTING THE PROFITS FROM THE SALE OF THE FURS BUT FROM NOW ON I GET **ALL** - DO YOU HEAR?? - AND THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER CEREMONY TONIGHT - OR I'LL KILL YOU!



GET AWAY FROM THAT MAN - PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

THE LAW - OUR SECRET IS OUT - WE ARE LOST!

WHAT TH' - A MOUNTIE!



SO YOU'RE JAKE MORAN THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED YEARS AGO AT THE SAME TIME BRADFORD'S SON WAS KIDNAPPED - THAT MADE HEADLINES FOR QUITE A WHILE, MORAN!

I HEARD EVERYTHING, JAKE!



COME ON, KID - WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

BUT ONE OF NIKATO'S GUARDS SILENTLY CREEPS UP BEHIND REYNOLDS AND....



DO NOT GO NOW - IF TRIBE FINDS VOICE GONE THEY WILL KILL NIKATO!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME, NIKATO - AND YOU'D BETTER KILL THE MOUNTIE! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! OKAY, KID - CLIMB!



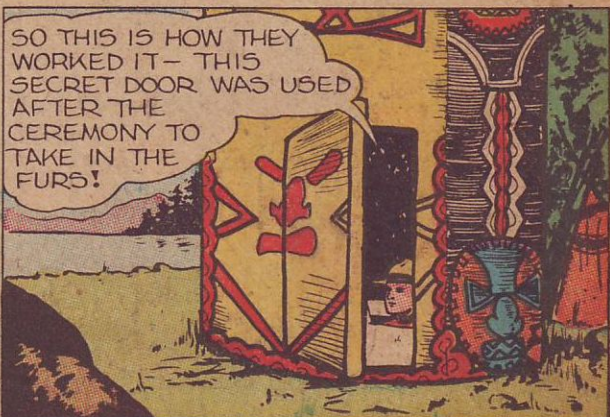
THANKS NIKATO - WHICH WAY DO YOU THINK HE WENT?

HE HAS A CANOE HIDDEN BY THE RIVER! QUICK - CLIMB UP LADDER - IT WILL LEAD INTO TOTEM AND A WAY OUT!

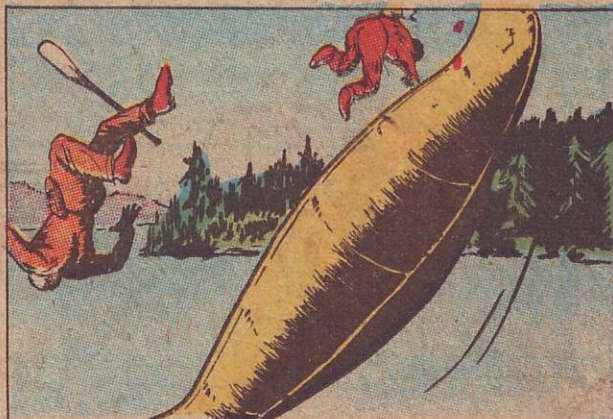
THE ANGERED WITCH DOCTOR QUICKLY REVIVES REYNOLDS.



SO THIS IS HOW THEY WORKED IT - THIS SECRET DOOR WAS USED AFTER THE CEREMONY TO TAKE IN THE FURS!

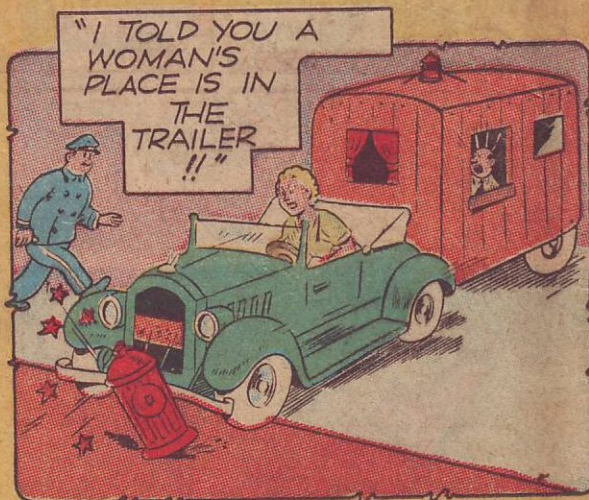
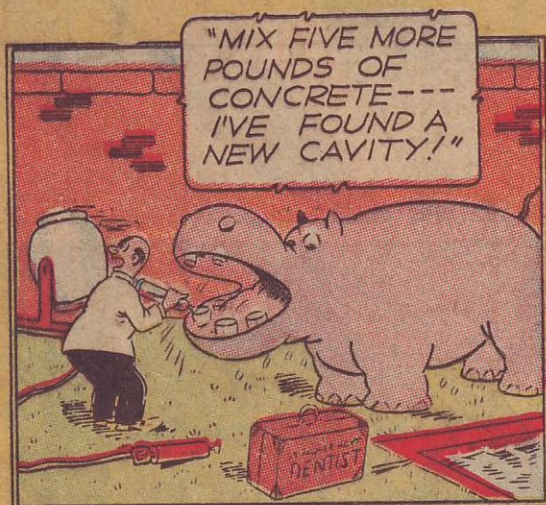
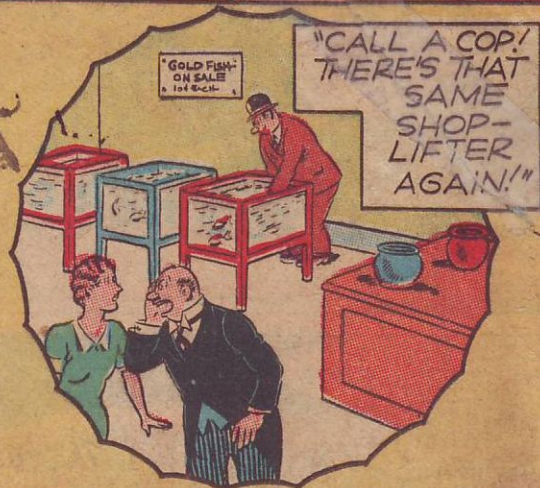
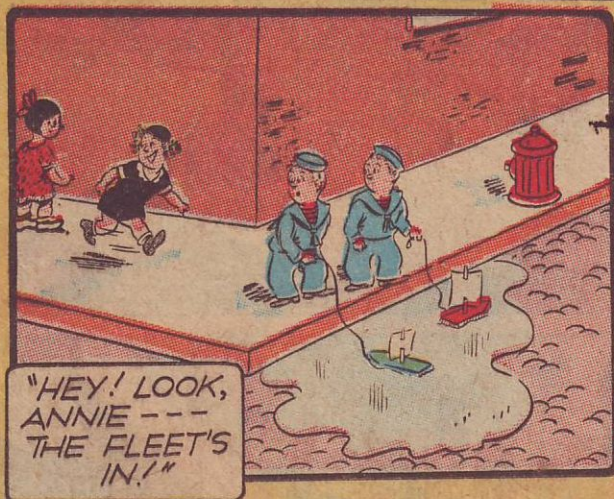








# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,





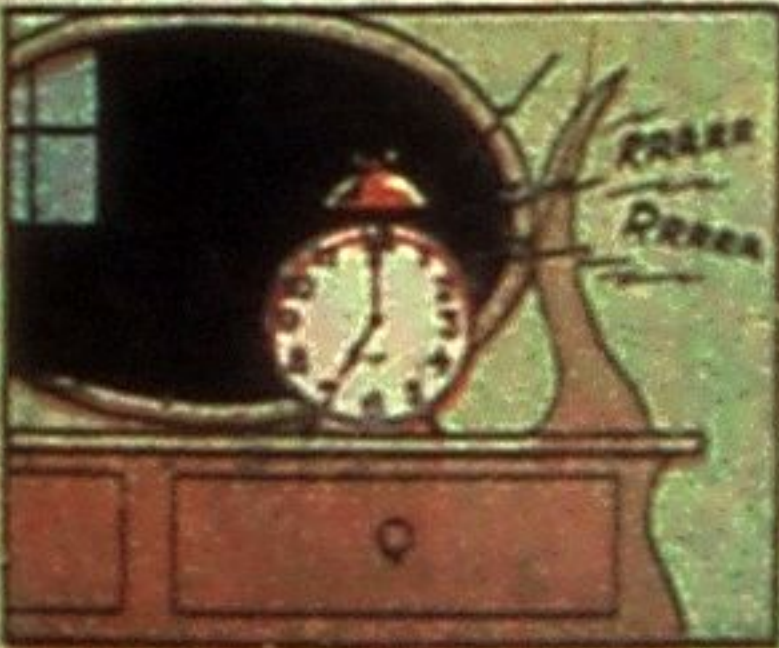
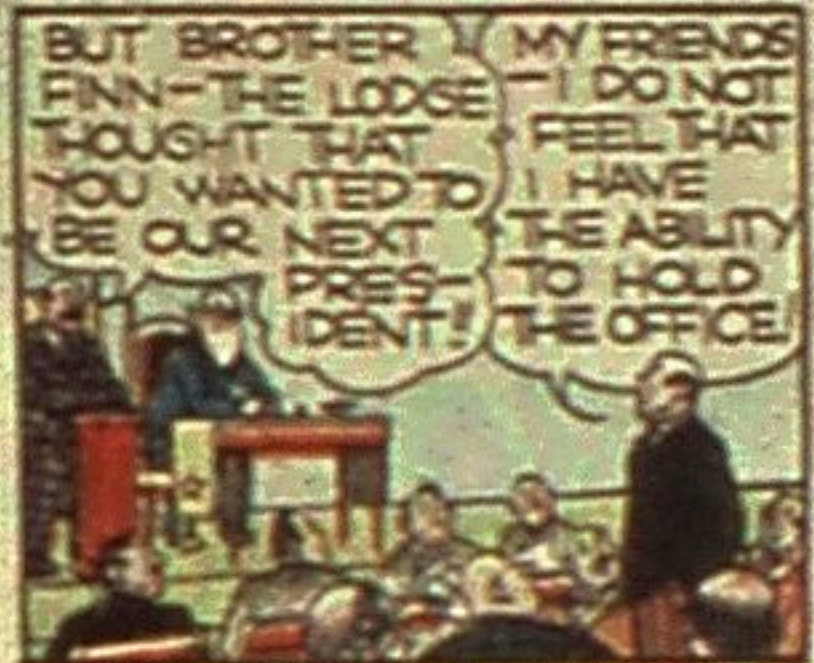
# NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN  
WRONG!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN  
WRONG!!

NIPPIE, TEACHER  
SAID WE'RE NOT  
TO TRY TO CLOSE  
WINDOWS WHEN  
SHE'S NOT HERE!

AW-DON'T  
WORRY—  
I CAN  
CLOSE  
IT!!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



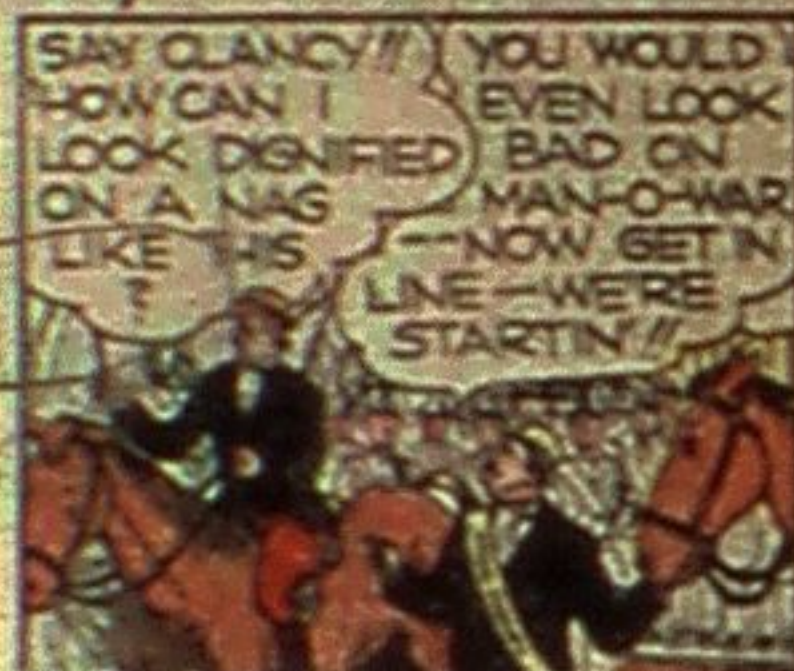
GOSH MA--  
IS UNCLE PHIL  
GONNA LEAD  
A DIVISION  
IN HIS LODGES  
PARADE  
TODAY?

YES--HE TOLD  
THEM IF HE  
WASNT  
PICKED HED  
RESIGN!



B-BUT THAT  
MEANS HELL  
HAFTA RIDE  
A HORSE!!

OH, MR.  
CLANCY  
TOLD ME  
THEY WERE  
GIVING HIM A  
GENTLE ONE--  
HURRY NOW SO  
WE CAN SEE  
HIM!



SAY CLANCY!!  
HOW CAN I  
LOOK DIGNIFIED  
ON A NAG  
LIKE THIS?

YOU WOULD  
EVEN LOOK  
BAD ON  
MAN-O-WAR  
--NOW GET IN  
LINE--WE'RE  
STARTIN'!!



GOLLY--WE  
GOT HERE  
JUST IN TIME  
--HERE IT  
COMES!!

DOESNT MR.  
CLANCY  
LOOK  
FINE!



MR. HOULIHAN  
IS LEADING THE  
NEXT DIVISON  
--LOOK!

HE RIDES  
VERY WELL  
HE USED  
TO BE A  
COACHMAN!



NOW HERE'S  
THE THIRD  
DIVISION WITH  
MR. FINNEGAN  
IN FRONT!

WONT HIS  
LITTLE GIRL  
BE PROUD  
OF HIM!



THIS NEXT  
DIVISION IS  
WAY BEHIND--  
SOMETHIN' MUST  
HAVE HELD  
'EM UP!!

SOMETHING  
TELLS ME  
THIS IS THE  
ONE YOUR  
UNCLE IS  
LEADING--YES--  
HERE HE COMES!





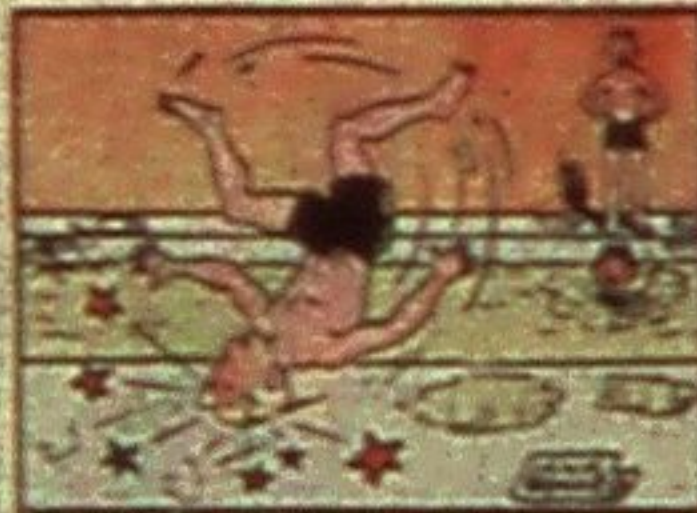
# NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN  
WRONG!

DON'T RUN  
TO THE  
SWIMMING  
POOL NIPPIE  
—THE TILE  
IS SLIPPERY

AW—IT  
WON'T  
BOTHER  
ME!!  
C'NON,  
WE'LL  
RACE

SWIMMING  
POOL



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

BUT UNCLE  
PHIL—WHY DYA  
WANTA GO IN  
TO THE AUCTION  
UNLESS YA BUY  
SOMETHIN'?

OH—I JUST  
LIKE TO  
HAVE FUN  
BIDDING  
UP THE  
PRICES!



HOW MUCH AM I  
OFFERED FOR THIS  
MAGNIFICENT OIL  
PAINTING—DO I HEAR  
ONE DOLLAR?

A  
DOLLAR  
AND  
A  
HALF



I'LL BID  
A DOLLAR  
!!

TWO  
DOLLARS  
!!

TWO  
AND A  
HALF!

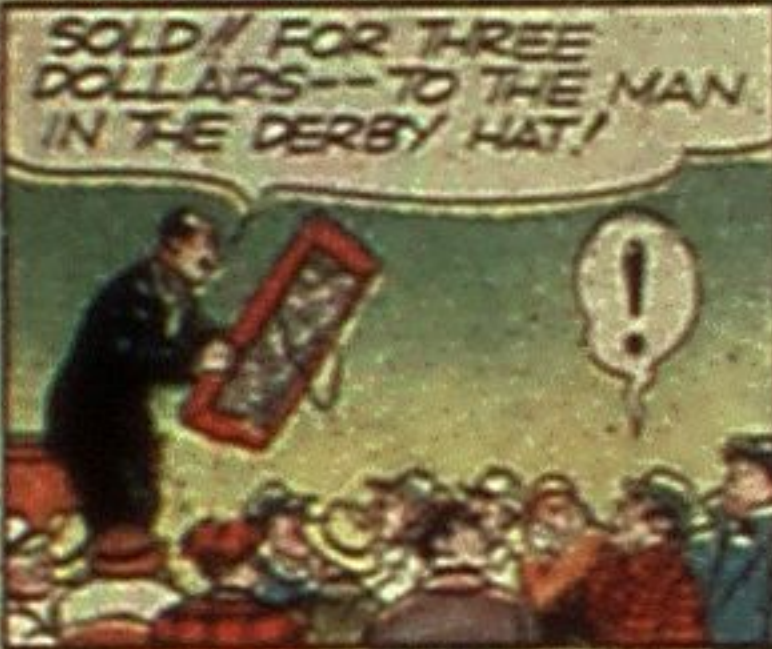
THREE  
!!



THREE DOLLARS BID!!  
WHO'LL SAY THREE  
FIFTY??—GOING  
AT THREE  
DOLLARS—  
GOING AT  
THREE—



SOLD!! FOR THREE  
DOLLARS—TO THE MAN  
IN THE DERBY HAT!



GEE UNCLE  
PHIL, WHAT ARE  
YA GONNA DO  
WITH IT?

WHY, I'LL  
SELL IT  
TO ABE  
ORKIN! HE  
BUYS  
SECOND  
HAND  
STUFF



LOOK—  
SO WHY  
SHOULD  
I BUY  
IT?



IT WOULD LOOK  
SWELL OVER THE  
BAR, CLANCY—  
I'LL LET YA  
HAVE IT FOR  
HALF A BUCK!

NAW! I  
MIGHT  
TAKE IT IF  
IT WAS JACK  
DEMPSEY!



BROTHER FINN HAS  
DONATED THIS OIL  
PAINTING TO THE  
LODGE—DO WE  
WANT IT?

**NO!**



BUT PHILIP,  
NOBODY WILL  
BELIEVE  
THAT IT'S  
ONE OF  
YOUR  
ANCESTORS

WILL YA GO  
OUT IN THE  
KITCHEN AN'  
HELP MICHAEL  
FIND THAT  
HAMMER!



IT AINT  
IN HIS  
DRAWER  
MA!

MAYBE  
IT'S DOWN  
IN THE  
CELLAR—  
I THINK







# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the February Issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale December 30th.







## MAKE SURE YOU GET A DAISY FOR CHRISTMAS

HERE'S HOW: After word "Dear" heading coupon below, write name of person most likely to give you what you want for Christmas, such as father, mother, aunt, uncle, etc. Sign your name on line after word "Signed." Then put an X in square opposite Daisy you want. Fill out bottom part of coupon. Cut along dotted line at top and right. Mail to us AT ONCE. We'll send it to person you named, along with a letter of our own, urging that person to buy the very Daisy you checked. Send coupon NOW—before it's too late.

### CHRISTMAS LIST

Dear .....  
I want a new Daisy for Christmas. I've checked the one I like.

Signed .....

☐ Double Barrel Repeater. Finest Daisy made **\$5.00**

☐ Buck Jones Special. Compass in stock. **\$3.50**

☐ 50-shot Pump Gun. Accurate repeater **\$4.50**

☐ 1000-shot Golden Eagle. Most beautiful of all. **\$2.75**

☐ Bass Barton Special. Scope - type sights. **\$2.25**

☐ 500-shot Repeater. Polished nickel parts. **\$1.75**

☐ Daisy Single Shot. A Real Bargain **\$1.25**

☐ Telescope Sight. With Magnifying Lens **\$1.00**

☐ Targeteer Pistol. Complete Target Outfit **\$2.00**

I want you to help me get a Daisy for Christmas. Please send my Christmas List and your letter to:

Name .....  
(Print name of person most likely to give you what you want for Christmas)

Street No. ....  
(Print his (or her) street address)

City .....  
(Print his (or her) city)

State .....  
(Print his (or her) State)

My Name .....

Street & No. ....

City .....

State ..... Age .....

## "JUST WHAT I WANT ... A NEW DAISY!"

IT'S A  
REGULAR  
DOUBLE-GUN  
... just like Dad's  
double-barrel shotgun!



Handy top-lever (exactly like that on high-priced shotguns) unlocks break action with simple thumb movement.

### IMPROVE YOUR AIM WITH THE NEW MAGNIFYING DAISY SCOPE

(Left) Bull's-eye as seen through ordinary sights. (Right) same Bull's-eye — same distance — seen thru the new Daisy Scope.



Be the best marksman in your town. Put this 2-power scope on your Daisy — makes shooting twice as much fun.

### TARGETEE

The Gun That's Fun



only \$2.00

Repeating air pistol, 500 shot, 2 types of targets. Use box as backstop. Safe, indoors or out.

For the best shooting, use the best shot. Bull's-Eye Shot is the only shot tested and approved by Daisy engineers.



### DAISY SINGLE SHOT

\* All prices quoted are slightly higher in Canada.

Here's a hard-hitting Daisy within the range of any pocketbook. Show this sturdy, beautiful Single Shot to your Dad. Be sure to tell him he can give you one for Christmas for only



\$1.25

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO. 113 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICH.